THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BY THE SEA:

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

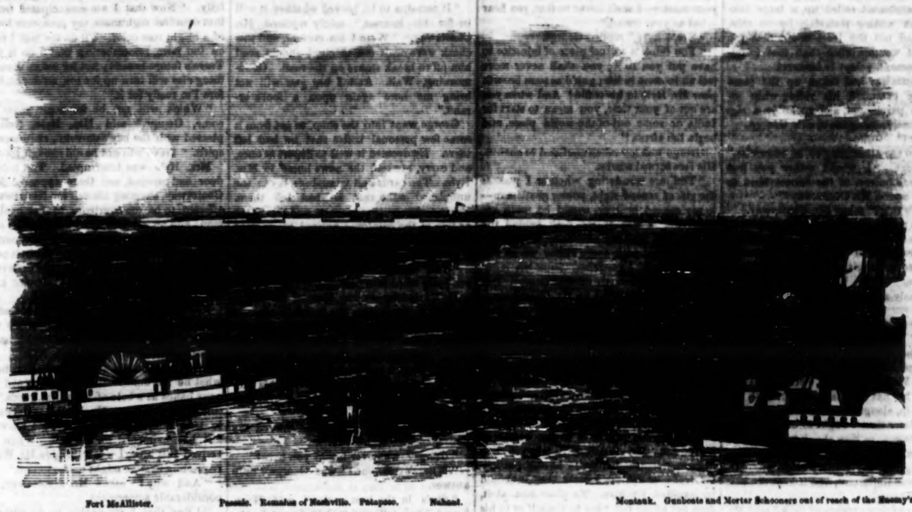
On the border of the sea,—
On the rough edge of the sea,—
I remember well that day, 'twas the golden prime of May,
I remember how the clouds spread their wings and flew away,
I remember how the sunlight fell in glory on the sea,
I remember how a richer light of love fell over me,
As we wandered dreamily
On the border of the sea.

What was that in her eyes?
In the waving of her hair?
Came it on her from the skies?
Came it from the breathing air?
In a tide of joy it went through my heart and through my brain,
That throbbed as throbs the heart of summer in the warm pulse of the rain,
Throbbing out the bending harvests, throbbing out the golden grain;
And I felt the flowers springing,
And I heard the sweet birds singing
In my brain,
While my soul, on the sea, from this earthly coast seemed drifting,
Till afar, through the mist, I saw the shores of heaven lifting,
Lifting through the hazy distance, lifting upward broad and fair,
In the lustre of her eyes, in the waving of her hair.

When I took her by the hand,
Met her lips in kisses sweet,
Methought I felt the solid land
Moving from beneath my feet.
Ah! the joy, the bliss, to hear
Lips so red, lips so dear,
Saying sweetly, "I love you,"
Only saying, "I love you."
"I love you!" could she have ever found a deeper, richer lore,
Had she robbed the world of words and left it poor forevermore?

All alone, by the sea,
To our feet the pallid waves
Came like phantoms from their graves,
And passed away as utterly.
In the trees the singing birds
Went beside themselves with glee,
Striving ever merrily
To catch the music of her words.
Something then—who can tell
What it was or whence it came,—
Something on my spirit fell
Hot and eager as a flame;
Was it not that nameless something poets mean who speak of love?
In my arms I clasped her fondly, and I vowed by all above
That my love for her should be
Deep and boundless as the sea,
All-pervading like the air, all-containing like the earth,
That our lives should move together through an atmosphere of mirth,
Move together and forever,
Past the strength of fate to sever,
Bringing joy from tears of pain
As spring flowers from the rain.
Mine I called her there for she
Gave herself away to me,
Wandering thus lovingly
All that long, enchanted day,
In the golden prime of May,
On the rough edge of the sea.

☞ Holy desires that have never been embodied in acts, may still be deeds in the sight of God. "Thou didst well because it was in thine heart," was said to one of olden times.



Fort McAllister.
Passaic. Remains of Nashville. Patapsco.
Nahant.
Montauk. Gunboats and Mortar Schooners out of reach of the Enemy's fire.

Bombardment of Fort McAllister, Ogeechee River, Georgia, by the Union Iron-Clads Patapsco, Passaic and Nahant, Tuesday, March 3.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from "Frank Leslie's Newspaper," represents the bombardment of Fort McAllister. It is generally understood that the bombardment was designed more as a test of the iron-clads, than as a serious design to take the fort.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

INTERRUPTED BY NORA.

On the following day, Sunday, George walked home. Mrs. Ryle told him he might come and spend the day. He had not been home since entering at Wall and Barnes's; had not seen Mrs. Ryle or his brother Treve. Caroline he had seen. She was still at Barmester, and he had been invited to dinner the previous Sunday by the friends with whom she was staying.

It was striking twelve when he reached Trevlyn farm. He ought to have got over in time to go to church at Barbrook, and anticipated a reprimand from Mrs. Ryle for not doing so; but, tired with his week-day work, he had overslept himself. The house seemed deserted. At length, penetrating to the kitchen, he found Molly. She was stooping down with her back to him, basting a joint of pig-meat at the fire.

"Well, Molly!"

Molly turned round hastily.

"Law, Master George! if I could think who it was! And how be you by this time? Well, if you haven't growed!"

"I suppose mamma's at church. Is Nora gone?"

"Missis is at church," replied Molly.—"She waited till the last minute for you; but you didn't come, and she went off with only Master Treve. Nora's away. She's gone out on a visit."

"Nora gone out on a visit!" repeated George, staring in astonishment. For Nora to go out on a visit, or to be away from the farm at all, was a thing unheard of. "Where's she gone?"

"To Pertham," said Molly.

Pertham was a town about twenty miles on the other side of Barmester.

George stared more than ever.

"What has taken her to Pertham?" he presently asked.

"Well, sir, I am not familiar with just the rights of it," was Molly's answer.—"Hasn't she got a cousin living there?"

George considered.

"Yes, I think she has."

"A letter came here for her yesterday morning; and, by what I could learn, she was very sick, that there lady, like to die, and she sent to ask Nora to go over. Anyway, Nora made haste with her dairy-work, and got away in the afternoon. She's coming back to-morrow, missis says. I hope she is. I can't go out this evening through her being away."

Molly heaved a deep sigh over the deprivation. George cut himself a piece of bread and cheese—growing boys are always ready for eating—and then started to meet them on their way from church. He hesitated a moment, uncertain which way they would come; and at last started the road way.—He saw several groups coming along; and presently he met Cris Chattaway, Rupert Trevlyn, and his brother Treve walking together.

"Where's mamma?" asked George.

"She stepped in-doors with Mrs. Apperley," answered Treve. "She said she'd follow me on directly."

"How do you relish linendrapering?" asked Cris Chattaway, in a chaffing sort of manner, as George turned with them.—"Horrid, isn't it?"

"There is only about one thing in this world more horrid," answered George.

"My father said you expressed fears before you went that you'd find the air at the shop stifling," went on Cris, not asking what the one exception might be. "Is it hopelessly so?"

"Isn't it!" returned George. "The black hole in Calcutta must have been cool and pleasant in comparison with it."

"I wonder you are alive," continued Cris.

"I wonder I am," said George, equably. "I was quite off in a faint one day, when the shop was at the fullest. They thought they must have sent for you, Cris; that the sight of you might bring me to again."

"There you go!" exclaimed Treve Ryle. "I wonder if you two *could* let each other alone if you were bribed to do it?"

"Cris began it," said George.

"I didn't," said Cris. "I *should* like to see you at your work, though, George! I'll come some day. The squire paid you a visit yesterday afternoon, he told us. He says you are getting to be quite the polite cut; one can't serve out yards of calico without it."

George Ryle's face burnt. He knew that Mr. Chattaway had been speaking of him with ridicule at Trevlyn Hold, in connection with his new occupation.

"It would be a more fitting situation for you than for me, Cris," said he. "And now you hear it."

Cris laughed scornfully.

"Perhaps it might, if I wanted one. The master of Trevlyn won't need to go into a linendraper's shop, George Ryle."

"Look here, Cris. That shop is horrid, and I don't mind telling you that I find it so, that not an hour in the day goes over my head but I wish myself out of it; but I would rather bind myself to it for twenty years than be the master of Trevlyn Hold, if I came to it as you will—by wrong."

Cris broke into a shrill, derisive whistle. It was being prolonged to an apparently interminable length, when he found himself rudely seized from behind.

"Is that the way you walk home from church, Christopher Chattaway? Whistling!"

Cris looked round and saw Miss Trevlyn.

"Goodness, Aunt Diana! are you going to shake me?"

"Walk along as a gentleman should, then," returned Miss Trevlyn.

She went on. Miss Chattaway walked by her side, not deigning to cast a word or look to the boys as she swept past. Gliding up behind them, holding the hand of Maude, was gentle Mrs. Chattaway. They all wore black silk dresses and white silk bonnets; the apology for mourning assumed for Mr. Ryle. But the gowns were not new; and the bonnets were but the bonnets of the past summer, with the colored flowers taken out.

Mrs. Chattaway slackened her pace and George found himself at her side. She seemed to linger, as if she would speak with him, unheard by the rest.

"Are you pretty well, my dear?" were her first words. "You look taller and thinner, and your face is pale."

"I shall look paler ere I have been much longer in the shop, Mrs. Chattaway."

Mrs. Chattaway glanced her head timidly round with the air of one who fears she may be heard. But they were alone now.

"Are you grieving, George?"

"How can I help it?" he passionately answered, feeling that he could open his heart to Mrs. Chattaway, as he could to no one else in the wide world. "Is it a proper thing to put me to, dear Mrs. Chattaway?"

"I said it was not," she murmured. "I said to Diana that I wondered Maude should place you there."

"It was not mamma; it was not mamma so much as Mr. Chattaway," he answered, forgetting possibly that it was Mr. Chattaway's wife to whom he spoke. "At times, do you know, I feel as though I would almost rather be—be—"

"Be what, dear?"

"Be dead, than stop."

"Hush, George!" she cried, almost with a wail. "Random figures of speech never do good; I have learnt it. In the old days, when—"

She suddenly broke off what she was saying, and glided forward without further notice, catching Maude's hand in hers as she passed, who was then walking by the side of the boys. George looked round for the cause of the desertion, and found it in Mr. Chattaway. That gentleman was coming along with a quick step, one of his younger children in his hand.

The Chattaways turned off toward Trevlyn Hold, and George walked on with Treve. "Do you know how things are going on at home, Treve, between mamma and Chattaway?" asked George.

"Chattaway's a miserable screw," was Treve's answer. "He'd like to grind down the world, and he doesn't let a chance escape him of doing it. Mamma says it's a dreadful sum he has put upon her to pay yearly, and she does not see how the farm will do it, besides keeping us. I wish we were clear of him! I wish I was as big as you, George! I'd work the farm barren, I'd work my arms off, but what I'd get together the money to pay him!"

"They won't let me," said George. "They have thrust me away from the farm."

"I wish you were back at it; I know that! Nothing goes on as it used to when you were there and papa was alive. Nora's cross, and mamma's cross; and I have not a soul to speak to. What do you think Chattaway did this week?"

"Something mean, I suppose!"

"Mean! Mean and double mean. We killed a pig, and while it was being cut up, Chattaway marched in. 'That's fine meat, John Pinder,' said he, when he had looked at it a bit; 'as fine as I ever saw. That was a good plan of Mr. Ryle's, the keeping his pigs clean. I should like a bit of this meat; I think I'll take a spare rib; and it can go against Mrs. Ryle's account with me.' With that he laid hold of a fine spare rib, the finest of the two, and called to the boy who was standing by, and sent him up with it at once to Trevlyn Hold. What do you say to that? The Hurnalls were to have had that spare rib; they said they'd take one. We are going to have the other one for dinner to-day. What do you think of that?"

"Think! That is just the thing Chattaway would be doing every day of his life, if he could. I should have sent for the meat back, if I had been mamma."

"And anger Chattaway? It might be all the worse for us if she did."

"Is it not early to begin pig killing?"

"Yes. John Pinder killed this one on his own authority: never so much as asking mamma. She was so angry. She told him if ever he acted for himself again, without knowing what her pleasure might be, she should discharge him. But it strikes me John Pinder is fond of doing things on his own head," concluded Treve, sagaciously; "and that he will do them, in spite of mamma, now there's no master over him."

The day soon passed. George told his mamma how terribly he disliked being where he was placed; worse than that, how completely unsuited he believed he was to it. Mrs. Ryle coldly said we all had to put up with what we disliked, and that he would get reconciled to it in time. There was evidently no hope for him; and he returned to Barmester at night, feeling that there was not.

On the following afternoon, Monday, some one in deep mourning entered the shop of Wall and Barnes and asked if she could speak to Master Ryle. George was at the upper end of the shop. A box of lace had been accidentally upset on the floor, and he had been called to set it to rights. Behind him hung two shawls, open, and farther back, hidden by those shawls, was a private desk, belonging to Mr. Wall. The visitor approached George and saluted him.

"Well, you are busy!"

George lifted his head at the well-known voice—Nora's. Her attention appeared chiefly attracted by the box of lace.

"What a mess it is in! And you don't go a bit handy to work, towards putting it tidy."

"I shall never be handy at this sort of work. Oh, Nora! I cannot tell you how I dislike it!" he exclaimed with a burst of wailing that betrayed its own pain. "I'd rather be with papa in his coffin!"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Nora. "What is there in the business so much to dislike?"

"We cannot help our likes and dislikes. I dislike it altogether; and I shall never be barely handy at it if I stop in it for twenty years. It seems to me that I shall never care for anything again in life, now they have put me here. It was Chattaway's doings; you know it was, Nora. Mamma never would have thought of it."

"I can't see, myself, why Chattaway should have interfered about you," remarked Nora.

"I conclude that he wanted to get me off the farm for some motive or other. Any way, I am done for, and my prospects are done for. At times, Nora, when I remember that papa would have objected to this for me just as strongly as I object to it for myself, I can hardly *bear* my thoughts. I think how he will be grieved, if he can see what goes on in this world. You know he said something about that when he was dying—the dead retaining their consciousness of the doings here."

"Have you objected to be bound?"

"I have not objected. I don't mean to object. Papa charged me to obey Mrs. Ryle and not cross her—and I won't forget that; therefore I shall remain, and do my duty to the very best of my power. But it was a cruel thing to put me to it."

"George, I am afraid you are setting yourself against it," said Nora, gravely.

"I am *not* setting myself against it," returned George. "I am against it beyond hope of retrieve, so there's no need to 'set myself' against it. There! let it drop, Nora. The thing is settled and I shall keep my mouth closed for the future. I shall stay at it—if—if—"

"Why do you hesitate?" she asked.

"Well, there are moments," he answered, dropping his voice, "when a fear comes over me whether I *can* bear on, and stay. You see, Nora, it is Chattaway's and mamma's will balancing against all the hopes and prospects of my life. I know that my father charged me to obey mamma; but on the other hand I know that if he were alive he would be pained to see me here; would be the first to snatch me away. When these thoughts come forcibly upon me, I doubt whether I *can* stay."

"You must not encourage them," said Nora.

"I don't think I encourage them. But they come in spite of me. The fear comes; it is always coming. Don't say anything to mamma, Nora. I have made my mind up to stop, and I'll try hard to do it. As soon as I am out of my time I'll go off to India, or somewhere, and forget the old life in a new one."

"My goodness me!" uttered Nora, upon whom the last assertion made somewhat the same impression that his declaration of being a gentleman had made upon Farmer Apperley. "If you—is that four o'clock?" she broke off.

"It's four o'clock," answered George. "Why?"

"I have got half a hundred things to do this afternoon before I get home. By the way—did you go home yesterday?"

George nodded. His fingers and his brains were hopelessly entangled with the lace.

"And how was Molly getting on with the dairy?"

"I heard nothing about it," replied George.

"She *can* attend to it properly if she chooses," observed Nora with an emphasis on the "can." "Did you get any pudding for dinner? Or pie?"

"We had a roly dumpling; raspberry-and currant."

"Then the missis must have gone into the kitchen before church, and made it herself! Only fancy!—troubling herself with kitchen work! Perhaps Treve teased her. I suppose he'd faint if he didn't see a pudding on the table at his Sunday's dinner. And now I'm off."

"One minute, Nora! You have not told me about your cousin at Portham. Is she ill?"

"She can't be much worse, to be alive. They'll patch her up a bit for a short while, the doctors; it won't be for long. Such a troop of children as she has, too! It will be a bad thing for them to lose their mother. I must be going, though! I can't gossip out my time here."

"Are you going to walk?"

"Walk!" echoed Nora. "Just hark at the stupid! You boys would set off and walk to York, and never think of how your legs would do it. I have to take Caroline back; and I have got my little carpet-bag; and a rose-tree in a pot which I brought from Portham. Walk, indeed!"

George laughed at her indignation.

"Good-bye, lad," said she, shaking hands with him. "Keep a cheerful heart upon it, and things may begin to look brighter after you are bound."

He made no reply. At the word "bound" a dark sickness seemed to fall upon his spirit. Nora turned away and left the shop.

But you may do as Nora urged you, George Ryle—keep up a cheerful heart. For you are *not* fated to enter upon the service you so dread, in the house of Messrs. Wall and Barnes.

CHAPTER XIII.

EMANCIPATION.

It was a gloomy November day, and the tall chimneys of Barmester rose dark and dull and dismal against the outlines of the gray sky. The previous night had been a hopelessly wet one, and the mud in the streets was ankle-deep. By the aspect of the clouds, the rain, which had ceased since the morning, might be expected soon to descend again; and people who had no urgent occasion to be abroad drew closer to their comfortable firesides, and wished the dreary month of November was over.

One there stood at the door of a shop, gazing abstractedly at the few passengers in the streets; a slender, handsome boy, with earnest eyes and dark chestnut hair. He apparently belonged to the establishment, for he wore no hat, and his sojourn at the door seemed but a snatched one. Belonging to it? Ay! Ere the stroke of another hour should have been told on the dial of the church clocks of Barmester, he would be bound to that house by an irrevocable bond—have become as much a part and parcel of it as the silks that were displayed in its windows, as the shawls which exhibited themselves in all their gay and gaudy colors. As he stood there, the boy, he was feeling that no fate on earth was ever so hopelessly dark as his; he was feeling that he had no friend either in earth or heaven.

One, two; three, four! chimed out over the town through the leaden atmosphere. Half-past eleven! It was the hour fixed for the signing of the indentures which would chain him a bondsman for years; and he, George Ryle, looked to the extremity of the street, expecting the appearance of Mr. Chattaway.

Considering the urgency with which Mr. Chattaway had urged the binding on, George had thought he would be half an hour before the hour, rather than five minutes beyond it. He looked to the extremity of the street, as one fascinated by the gaze of the basilisk, dreading the sight he sought for.

"George Ryle!" The call came ringing on his ears in a sharp, imperative tone, and he turned in, in obedience to it. He was told to "measure those trimmings, and card them."

An apparently interminable task. About fifty pieces of ribbon-trimmings, some scores of yards in each piece, all off their cards.—George sighed as he singled out one and began upon it—he was terribly awkward at the work.

It advanced slowly. In addition to the inaptitude of his fingers for the task, to his intense natural distaste of it—and so intense was that distaste, that the ribbons felt as if they burnt his fingers—in addition to this, there were frequent interruptions. Any of the shopmen who wanted help called to George Ryle; and once he was told to open the door for a lady who was departing.—On that cold, gloomy day, the doors were kept shut.

As she walked away, George leaned out and took another gaze. Mr. Chattaway was not in sight. The clocks were then striking the quarter to twelve. A feeling of something like hope, but vague and faint and terribly unreal, dawned over his heart. Could the delay augur good for him—was it possible that there could be any change?

How unreal the next moment proved to him. There came round that far corner a horseman at a hand gallop, his horse's hoofs scattering the mud in all directions. It was Mr. Chattaway. He reined up at the private door of Wall and Barnes, dismounted, and consigned his horse to his groom, who had followed at the same pace, splashing the mud also. The false faint hope was over; and George walked back to his cards and his trimmings, like one from whom the spirit has gone out.

A message was brought to him almost immediately by one of the house servants, Squire Chattaway waited in the drawing-room. Squire Chattaway had sent the message himself—the words were his—not to George, to Mr. Wall. But Mr. Wall was engaged at the moment with a gentleman, and he sent the message on to George. George went up-stairs.

Mr. Chattaway, in his top boots and spurs, stood warming his hands over the fire. He had not removed his hat. When the door opened, he raised his hand to do so; but seeing it was only George who entered, he left it on. He was much given to the old-fashioned use of boots and spurs when he rode abroad.

"Well, George, how are you?"

George went up to the fire-place. On the centre table, as he passed it, lay an official-looking parchment rolled up, a large inkstand with writing materials by its side. George had not the least doubt that the parchment was no other than that formidable document, yclept Indentures.

Mr. Chattaway had taken up the same view. He extended his riding-whip towards the parchment, and spoke in a significant tone, turning his eye on George.

"Ready?"

"It is no use attempting to be otherwise," said George. "I would rather you had forced me to be one of the lowest boys in your coal mines, Mr. Chattaway?"

"What's this?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

He was pointing now to the upper part of the sleeve of George's jacket. Some ravellings of cotton had collected there unnoticed. George took them off, and put them on the fire.

"It is only a mark of my trade, Mr. Chattaway."

Whether Mr. Chattaway detected the bitterness of the words—not the bitterness of sarcasm, but of despair, cannot be told. He laughed pleasantly, and before the laugh was over Mr. Wall came in. Mr. Chattaway removed his hat now, and laid it with his riding-whip, alongside of the indentures.

"I am later than I ought to be," observed Mr. Chattaway, as they shook hands. "The fact is, I was on the point of starting when my manager at the colliery came up. His business was important, and it kept the best part of an hour."

"Plenty of time; plenty of time," said Mr. Wall. "Take a seat."

They sat down near the table. George, apparently unnoticed, remained standing on the hearthrug. A few minutes were spent conversing on different subjects, and then Mr. Chattaway turned to the parchment.

"These are the indentures, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I called on Mrs. Ryle last evening. She requested me to say that should her signature be required, as the boy's nearest relative and guardian—as his only parent, it may be said, in fact—she should be ready to affix it at any given time."

"It will not be required," replied Mr. Wall, in a clear voice. "I shall not take George Ryle as an apprentice."

A stolid look of surprise struggled to Mr. Chattaway's leaden face. At first he scarcely seemed to take in the full meaning of the words. "Not take him?" he rejoined, staring helplessly.

"No. It is a pity these were made out," continued Mr. Wall, taking the indentures in his hand. "It has been so much time and paper wasted. However, that is not of great consequence. I will be at the loss, as the refusal comes from my side."

Mr. Chattaway found his tongue—found it volubly. "Won't he do? Is he not suitable? I—I—don't understand this."

"Not at all suitable, in my opinion," answered Mr. Wall.

Mr. Chattaway turned sharply upon George, a strangely evil look in his dull gray eye, an ominous twist in his thin dry lip. Mr. Wall likewise turned; but on his face there was a reassuring smile.

And George? George stood there like one in a dream; his face changing to perplexity, his eyes strained in wonder, his fingers intertwined with the nervous grasp of emotion.

"What have you been guilty of, sir, to cause this change of intentions?" shouted Mr. Chattaway.

"He has not been guilty at all," interposed Mr. Wall, who appeared to be enjoying a smile at George's bewildered astonishment and Mr. Chattaway's discomfiture. "Don't blame the boy?"

"But I will blame him; I must blame him," reiterated Mr. Chattaway. "The refusal to take him emanates from some defect in his conduct, I am certain. Only on Saturday last did you not tell me you were pleased with him, would apprentice him?"

"I did. I meant then to do so."

"Yes. And some villany on his part has frustrated it. I hope Mrs. Ryle will have him flogged within an ace of his life."

"Tush, tush, tush! the boy has done no wrong, I say," impatiently interrupted Mr. Wall, a dash of reproof in his tone. "So far as I know and believe, he has striven to do his best up to this hour, ever since he has been here."

"Then why won't you take him? You *will* take him," added Mr. Chattaway, in a more agreeable voice, as the idea dawned upon him that Mr. Wall had been joking.

"Indeed, I will not. If you or Mrs. Ryle offered me a thousand pounds premium with him, I should not take him."

Mr. Chattaway's small eyes opened to their utmost width.

"And why would you not?"

"Because, knowing what I know now, I believe that I should be committing an injustice upon the boy; an injustice which nothing could repair. To condemn a youth to pass the best years of his life at an uncongenial pursuit, to make that pursuit his calling, is a cruel injustice, wherever it is knowingly inflicted. I myself was a victim to it."

Speech did not come quickly to Mr. Chattaway in answer to this. It may be that he was at a loss what to say, and he waited for further elucidation. Mr. Wall beckoned George to him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"My boy, you have a marked distaste to the silk mercery business. Is it not so? Speak out fearlessly. Don't regard me as your master—I shall never be that, you hear—but as your friend."

"Yes, I have," replied George.

"You think it a cruel piece of injustice to have put you to it; you shall never more feel an interest in life; you'd as soon be with poor Mr. Ryle in his coffin! And when you are out of your time, you mean to start for India or some out-of-the-world place, and begin life afresh!"

George was too much confused to answer. His face turned scarlet.

"You are wondering whether I possess the gift of second sight, young gentleman—to say second hearing, would be more appropriate. I was at my desk behind the shawls last Monday afternoon, and heard your colloquy with some visitor whom you called Nora."

"Oh!" involuntarily uttered George. But his voice was drowned by Mr. Chattaway.

"What *did* he say?" burst from that gentleman, eagerly. "I shall repeat it to Mrs. Ryle."

"He said quite enough to convince me that this business was especially repugnant to him, and that he would not be likely to overcome the repugnance. But he said nothing that need bring him under Mrs. Ryle's displeasure, for he expressed his determination to do his duty in it to the utmost of his power. Mr. Chattaway, when a boy evinces a marked distaste to any particular trade or calling, I deem that it should be avoided for him. To place him at it, does not afford fair play to himself or to his talents."

Mr. Chattaway was looking red and angry. When his face did turn red, it presented a charming hue of brick-dust, garnished with yellow.

"It is only scamps who take a dislike to what they are put to," he exclaimed. "And their dislike is all pretence."

"I differ from you in both propositions," replied Mr. Wall. "At anyrate, I do not think it the case with your nephew—"

Mr. Chattaway's brick-dust deepened to salmon color.

"He is no nephew of mine. What next, Wall?"

"Never mind; your step-nephew, let us say," equably rejoined Mr. Wall. "You remember when we left school together, you and I, and began to turn our thoughts to the business of life? Your father wished you to go into the bank as clerk, you know; and mine—"

"But he did not get his wish, more's the luck," again interposed Mr. Chattaway, not pleased at the allusion. "A poor start in life that would have been for the future squire of Trevlyn Hold."

"Pooh!" rejoined Mr. Wall, in a good-tempered, matter-of-fact tone. "You did not look forward then, or your father, for you to be exalted to Trevlyn Hold. Nonsense, Chattaway! We are old friends, you know. But, let me continue. When I heard this boy's conversation with his visitor Nora, it seemed to bring my own early life back to me. With every word that he spoke, I had a fellow feeling. My father insisted that I should follow the same business that he was in; this. He carried on a successful trade for years, in this very house; and nothing would do but I must succeed him in it. In vain I urged my repugnance to it, my dislike; in vain I said I had formed other views for myself; I was not listened to. In those days it was not the fashion for sons to run counter to their father's will; at least, such was my experience; and into the business I came. I have reconciled myself to it by dint of time and habit; liked it, I never have; and I have always felt that it was—as I heard this boy express it—a cruel wrong to force me into it. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that I decline so to force another. I will never do it, knowingly."

"You decline absolutely to take him?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

"Absolutely and positively. He can remain in the house a few days longer if it will suit his convenience, or he can leave to-day. I am not displeased with you," added Mr. Wall, turning to George and holding out his hand. "We shall part good friends."

George seized it, grasped it, his countenance glowing, a whole world of gratitude shining forth from his eyes as he lifted them to Mr. Wall.

"I shall always think you have been the best friend I ever had, sir, next to my father."

"I hope it will prove so, George. I hope you will find some pursuit in life more congenial to you than this."

Mr. Chattaway took his hat and his whip from the table.

"This will be fine news for your mother, sir!" cried he severely to George.

"It may turn out well for her," replied George, boldly. "My belief is, that the farm never would have got along with John Pinder for its manager."

"You think you would make a better?" said Mr. Chattaway, his thin lip curling.

"I can be true to her, at anyrate," said George. "And I can have my eyes about me."

"Good-morning," resumed Mr. Chattaway to Mr. Wall, putting out unwillingly the tips of two of his fingers."

Mr. Wall laughed as he grasped them.

"I do not see why you should be vexed, Chattaway. The boy is no son of yours. For myself, all I can say is, that I have been actuated by motives of regard for his interest."

"It remains to be proved whether it will be for his interest," coldly rejoined Mr. Chattaway. "Were I his mother, and this check were dealt out to me, I should send him off to break stones on the road. Good-morning, Wall. And I beg you will not bring me here again upon a fool's errand."

George went into the shop, to get from it some few personal trifles that he had left there. He deemed it well to depart at once, and carry, himself, the news home to Mrs. Ryle. The cards and trimmings lay in the unfinished state that he had left them. What a change, that moment and this! One or two of the employes noticed his radiant countenance.

"Has anything happened?" they asked.

"Yes," answered George. "I have been suddenly lifted into paradise."

He started on his way, leaving his things to be sent after him. His footsteps scarcely touched the ground. Not a rough ridge of the road, felt he; not a sharp stone; not a hill; it seemed like a smooth, soft bowling green. Only when he turned in at the gate did he remember that there was his mother's displeasure to be met and grappled with.

Nora gave a shriek when he entered the house.

"*George!* whatever brings you here?"

"Where's mamma?" was George's only answer.

"She's in the best parlor," said Nora. "And I can tell you that she's not in the best of humors just now, so I'd advise you not to go in."

"What about?" asked George, taking it for granted that she had heard the news of himself, and that that was the grievance. But he was agreeably undeceived.

"It's about John Pinder. He has been having two of the meads ploughed up, and he never asked the missis first. She *is* angry."

"Has Chattaway been here to see mamma, Nora?"

"He came up here on horseback in a desperate hurry half-an-hour ago; but she was out on the farm, so he said he'd call again. It was through her going abroad this morning that she discovered what they were about with the fields. She says she thinks John Pinder must be going out of his mind; to take things upon himself, in the way he is doing."

George bent his steps to the drawing-room. Mrs. Ryle was seated before her desk, writing a note. Her face was strangely resolute and severe, as it looked up at George from the white lappets of her widow's cap. Astonishment rose to her face.

"I was writing to you," she said. "That is, I was writing to Mr. Wall; and Roger is now saddling the horse to gallop with the note into Barmester. Are your indentures signed, George?"

"No."

"That is well. This note was to stop it if in time; to say, if not in time, that they must be cancelled. I find that I must have you at home, George; if it is only for the one sole purpose of looking after John Pinder."

A glow came over George's face, as it had done when he heard that recent decision fall from the lips of his late master. *How things seemed to have worked round for him!* for his wishes; for the defeat of Chattaway. He sat down, and quietly imparted to Mrs. Ryle the occurrences of the morning.

"It is well," was her brief comment. "Roger can put up the horse."

"Mamma," said George, "will you be angry if I tell you something that has struck me in all this?"

"Tell it," said Mrs. Ryle.

"I feel quite certain that Chattaway has been acting with a motive; that he has some private reason for wishing to get me away from home. That's what he has been working for; otherwise he would never have troubled himself about me. It is not in his nature."

Mrs. Ryle gazed at George steadfastly, as if weighing his words, and presently knitted her brow. George could read her countenance tolerably well. He felt sure she had arrived at a similar conclusion, and that it irritated her. He resumed:

"It looks bad for you, mamma; but you must not think I say this selfishly. Twenty times I have asked myself the question, Why does he wish me away? And I can only think that he would like the farm to go to rack and ruin, so that you may be driven off it."

"Nonsense, George."

"Well, I can't tell what else it can be."

"If so, he is defeated," said Mrs. Ryle. "You will take your place as master of the farm to-day, George, under me. Deferring to me in all things, you understand; giving no orders on your own responsibility, taking my pleasure upon the merest trifle."

"I should not think of doing otherwise," replied George. "I will do my best for you in all ways, mamma. You will soon see how useful I can be."

"Very well. But I may as well mention one thing to you. When Treve shall be old enough, it is he who will be the master here, and you must resign the place to him. It is not that I wish to set the younger of your father's sons unjustly above the head of the elder. This farm will be a living but for one of you; barely that; and I prefer that Treve should have it; he is my own son. We will endeavor to find a better farm for you, George, before that time shall come."

"Just as you please," said George, cheerfully. "Now that I am emancipated from that dreadful nightmare, my prospects look of a bright rose color. I'll do the best I can on the farm, remembering that I do it for Treve's future benefit; not for mine. Something else will turn up for me, no doubt, before I'm ready for it."

"Which will not be for some years to come, George," said Mrs. Ryle, feeling pleased with the boy's cheerful, acquiescent spirit. "Treve will not be old enough for—"

Mrs. Ryle was interrupted. The room-door had opened, and there appeared Mr. Chattaway, showing himself in. Nora never affected to be too courteous to that gentleman; and on his coming to the house to ask for Mrs. Ryle a second time, she had curtly answered that Mrs. Ryle was in the best parlor (the more familiar name for the drawing-room in the farm-house), and allowed him to find his own way to it.

Mr. Chattaway looked surprised at seeing George; he had not bargained for his arriving at home so soon. Extending his hand towards him, he turned to Mrs. Ryle.

"There's a dutiful son for you! You hear what he has done?—that he is returned on your hands as a bale of worthless goods."

"Yes, I hear that Mr. Wall has declined to take him," was her composed answer. "It has happened for the best. When he arrived just now, I was writing to Mr. Wall, requesting that he might *not* be bound."

"And why?" asked Mr. Chattaway, in considerable amazement.

"I find that I am unable to do without him," said Mrs. Ryle, her tone harder and firmer than ever; her eyes, stern and steady, thrown full on Chattaway. "I tried the experiment, and it has failed. I cannot do without one by my side devoted to my interests; and John Pinder cannot get along without a master."

"And do you think you'll find what you want in him!—in that inexperienced schoolboy?" burst forth Mr. Chattaway.

"I do," replied Mrs. Ryle, her tone so significantly decisive as to be almost offensive. "He takes his standing from this day, the master of Trevlyn farm; subject only to me."

"I wish you joy of him!" angrily returned Chattaway. "But you must understand, Mrs. Ryle, that your having a boy at the head of affairs will oblige me to look more keenly after my interests."

"My arrangements with you are settled," she said. "So long as I fulfill my part, that is all that concerns you, James Chattaway."

"You'll not do it, if you put him at the head of things."

"When I fail, you can come here and tell me of it. Until then, I would prefer that you should not intrude on Trevlyn farm."

She rang the bell violently as she spoke, and Molly, who was passing along the passage, immediately appeared, staring and wondering. Mrs. Ryle extended her hand imperiously, the fore-finger pointed out.

"The door for Mr. Chattaway."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Washington letter has this good thing from Gen. Butler:—"Gen. Butler has told friends here the course which he should have pursued with reference to the proclamation of Jeff. Davis against him, had it reached New Orleans while he was still in command. He would have sent a rebel General and several other officers then in his hands to Ship Island, with orders that upon receipt of authentic intelligence by the officer in command there, that if a hair of Butler's head or any of his officers had been touched, these rebel prisoners should all be hung at once. 'And,' adds Butler, 'Jeff. Davis knows me well enough to believe that what I promised I should perform. He knows that a Massachusetts man who dared to vote sixty-four times for him at the Charleston Convention, would dare to do anything.'"

☞ Rev. Charles Kingsley has been chosen by the Prince of Wales as one of the chaplains of his household. The others are Dr. Stanley, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Rev. H. M. Birch and Rev. C. J. Tarver. All these clergymen are known as "Broad Churchmen."

☞ ENGLISH INCOMES.—The London Spectator quietly observes that inasmuch as the maximum income of a great English noble is £300,000 a year, the Parliamentary grant of £100,000 a year to the Prince of Wales cannot be regarded as extravagant.

☞ At a Friends' Sunday School in New York, a bright-looking little fellow was asked, "What is conscience?" He answered, very properly, "An inward monitor." "*And what is a monitor?*" "Oh, one of the iron-clads."

☞ "Your honor was right and I was wrong—as your honor is very apt to be," said a distinguished counsellor to a presiding judge.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

A NEW STORY.

As the fine story of "COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS" is drawing to a close, we have thought it well to begin another new serial, "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," by the popular author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Lisle," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. We think THE POST is maintaining this year its reputation for publishing about the best stories of any paper in the country.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

Our readers will perceive that we have agreed to devote a column or two weekly to the claims of our sick and wounded soldiers. The Sanitary Commission is doing a great deal of good, and there is scarcely a family in the land which is not interested in its measures to relieve the wounded as quickly as possible after a battle, and to administer such supplies to the distant hospitals as the sick men need. Therefore let every family do as much as they can in supplying the necessary means of comfort, and remember that in so doing they may be ministering to a son, a brother, or a friend.

A REMARKABLE VESSEL.

The iron-clad Indianola is perhaps the most remarkable vessel ever built by the hands of men. During the last month, according to reports and advices, "unofficial," "official" and "confirmed," she has been captured by the enemy, stove in by rams, run ashore, sunk, set a-fire, blown to pieces, and finally recaptured by Admiral Farragut.

Is there any other vessel in the world, even any in the possession of the boasting "Britishers," that could endure a trial like that? One may put his trust in the Indianola—fire has no effect upon her, steam cannot harm her, gunpowder she laughs at, water cannot sink her, or rather keep her sunk. Admiral Farragut has done well in recapturing such a paragon—she is just the vessel to anchor before Vicksburg, and batter the rebel entrenchments to pieces. We expect to hear further from the Indianola before many weeks. To add to all her other virtues she seems to be a perfect god-send to the army correspondents. And what the daily papers would have done without her for some time past, it is difficult to say.

THE GOVERNMENT LOAN.

One of the most cheering features of the present time, is the steady and immense flow of private capital into the government securities.

The fact is that sagacious men generally have come to the conclusion that the rebellion is nearly "played out," and that the ultimate triumph of the Union is merely a question of time—and that not a very long time either.

Besides, the resources of the loyal communities are proved to be so great, and the results of the tax bills so assuring, that it is seen that the moment the rebellion is crushed, the government loans must appreciate greatly in value.

Investment in these loans, however, is a wise measure either way. For if things look gloomy, the payment of the interest in *gold* keeps up the value of the bonds, and if they look well, the value of the loans goes up as a natural consequence. To show with what a rush the people are now subscribing to the "Five-Twenty" loan, we copy the following from the financial column of the *Public Ledger* of this city:—

One of the most surprising things in the recent conversion of greenback notes into the popular Five-Twenty six per cent. Government loan at par is the universality of the call. We happened in, yesterday, (the 30th) at the office of Jay Cooke, who is the agent for the sale of these loans and the conversion of the greenbacks, and found his table literally covered with orders and accompanying drafts for almost all amounts, from five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars each, and from all parts of the Union. The little states of Delaware and New Jersey are free takers, as are also Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England states. But the West is most especially an active taker, as well through her banks as by individuals. The amount of orders lying before us, all received during the day, amounted to over *fifteen hundred thousand dollars*. With this spontaneous proffer of money, Secretary Chase must feel himself entirely at ease, and will take care to put himself beyond those money sharpers whose chief study is how to profit themselves most from the troubles of the country and the necessities of the treasury. There are millions of dollars lying idle all over the country, and while the uncertainty existed as to what Congress would do, and the bullion brokers were successful in running up gold to the discredit of the Government issues, this capital was clutched close. But as the policy and measures of the Secretary of the Treasury are gradually developed, confidence in the Government and in the future is strengthened, and holders are now anxious to make their long unemployed means productive—hence the ready and liberal investment in the Five-Twenty loans at par. Almost every town and village throughout the country has individual holders of money to larger amounts probably than ever before at one time, for which satisfactory takers cannot be found. Many of those are now investers in these loans, and the number of such is likely to increase until the demand shall put all the Government loans on a par with, at least, the loans of the various incorporated companies. The country banks are also free takers for themselves and their customers. On the 1st of July this Five-Twenty Year loan will, under the law, be withdrawn.

In order that our readers generally may see exactly what this famous "Five-Twenty" loan is, we copy the following correspondence between a gentleman in Berks county, and Mr. Jay Cooke, the Subscription Agent of the Government:—

——, BERKS COUNTY, PA.,
March 20th, 1863.

JAY COOKE, Esq.,
United States Loan Agent,
114 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.

Dear Sir:—I see by our papers that you are selling for the Government a new Loan called "Five-Twenties." I expect to have shortly a few thousand dollars to spare, and as I have made up my mind that the Government Loans are safe and good, and that it is my duty and interest, at this time, to put my money into them in preference over any other loans or stocks, I write to get information of you as follows:

1st. Why are they called "Five-Twenties?"

2nd. Do you take country money or only Legal Tender Notes, or will a check on Philadelphia or New York answer for Subscriptions?

3rd. Do you sell the Bonds at Par?

4th. As I cannot come to Philadelphia, how am I to get the Bonds?

5th. What Interest do they pay, and how and where and when is it paid, and is it paid in Gold or Legal Tenders?

6th. How does Secretary Chase get enough Gold to pay this Interest?

7th. Will the face of the Bonds be paid in Gold when due?

8th. Can I have the Bonds payable to Bearer with Coupons, or registered and payable to my order?

9th. What sizes are the Bonds?

10th. Will I have to pay the same tax on them as I now pay on my Railroad, or other Bonds?

11th. What is the present debt of the Government, and what amount is it likely to reach if the rebellion should last a year or two longer?

12th. Will Secretary Chase get enough from Custom House duties and Internal Revenue, income taxes, &c., &c., to make it certain that he can pay the interest punctually?

I have no doubt that a good many of my neighbors would like to take these bonds, and if you will answer my questions I will show the letter to them.

Very Respectfully,
S—— M—— F——.

Office of JAY COOKE, *Subscription Agent*
at office of J. COOKE & Co., *Bankers,*
114 South Third St.
PHILADELPHIA, March 23 1863.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 20th inst., is received, and I will cheerfully give you the information desired by answering your questions in due order.

1st. These Bonds are called "Five Twenties," because while they are *twenty* year Bonds, they *may* be redeemed by the Government in Gold at any time after *five* years. Many people suppose that the interest is only 5 20-100 per cent—this is a mistake, they pay Six per cent. Interest.

2nd. Legal Tender Notes or checks upon Philadelphia or New York that will bring Legal Tenders are what the Secretary allows me to receive—no doubt your nearest Bank will give you a check or Legal Tenders for your country funds.

3rd. The Bonds are sold at PAR, the interest to commence the day you pay the money.

4th. I have made arrangements with your nearest Bank or Banker who will generally have the Bonds on hand. If not, you can send the money to me by Express, and I will send back the Bonds free of cost.

5th. The Bonds pay Six per cent. interest in GOLD, *three* per cent. every six months, on the first day of May and November at the Mint in Philadelphia, or at any Sub-Treasury in New York or elsewhere. If you have coupon Bonds, all you have to do is to cut the proper coupon off each six months, and collect it yourself or give it to your Bank for collection; if you have Registered Bonds you can give your Bank a power of attorney to collect the interest for you.

6th. Congress has provided that the Bonds shall be PAID IN GOLD when due.

7th. The duties on imports of all articles from abroad must be paid in GOLD, and this is the way Secretary Chase gets his gold; it is now being paid into the Treasury at the rate of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars each day, which is twice as much as he needs to pay the interest in Gold.

8th. You can have either Coupon Bonds payable to the Bearer, or Registered Bonds payable to your order.

9th. The former are in 50's, 100's, 500's, and 1,000's,—the latter in same amounts, also $5,000's, and $10,000's.

10th. No! You will not have to pay any taxes on these Bonds if your income from them does not exceed $600—and on all above $600 you will only have to pay one-half as much Income Tax, as if your money was invested in Mortgages or other Securities. I consider the Government Bonds as *first of all*—all other Bonds are taxed one quarter per cent. to pay the interest on the Government Bonds, and the Supreme Court of the United States has just decided that no state, or city, or county can tax Government Bonds.

11th. The present bonded debt of the United States is less than three hundred millions, including the seven and three-tenths Treasury Notes; but the Government owes enough more in the shape of Legal Tenders, Deposits in the Sub-Treasuries, Certificates of Indebtedness, &c., to increase the debt to about eight or nine hundred millions. Secretary Chase has calculated that the debt may reach one thousand seven hundred millions, if the rebellion lasts eighteen months longer. It is, however, believed now that it will not last six months longer—but even if it does, our National Debt will be small compared with that of Great Britain or France, whilst our resources are vastly greater.

12th. I have no doubt that the revenue will not only be ample to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government and all interest on the debt, but leave at least one hundred millions annually toward paying off the debt, and that the Government will be able to get out of debt again as it has twice before—in a few years after the close of the war.

I hope that all who have idle money will at once purchase these Five-Twenty Year Bonds. The right to demand them for legal tenders will end on the 1st day of July, 1863, as per the following authorized notice:

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after July 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES INTO THE NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan, must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent,
114 South Third street, Philada.

Those who neglect these Six per cent. Bonds, the interest and principal of which they will get in *Gold*, may have occasion to regret it.

I am very truly, your Friend,
JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent,
At Office of Jay Cooke & Co.,
114 South Third street, Philada.

WELCOME!

AN ODE BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet!
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, oh, bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, Welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, oh, bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!
Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
Oh, joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

☞ A jeweller tells a good story about the wife of a shoddy gentleman—suddenly raised from poverty to affluence—who was spending a good deal of money for ornaments in the jewelry line. The jeweller had sold the woman a diamond ring of great value, but observing, as she tried to force it over a remarkably red and knotty finger, that the ring was a trifle too small, he said she had better take a larger one. "No matter," replied the complacent *parvenue*, with amusing *naivette*, "this will do—I don't expect my hands will be so large after a little while."

☞ People wonder why the rebels are so united. It is not surprising. There is a mysterious cohesion in crime. A gang of pirates will stick to each other like burrs. A company of bandits will dwell in unbroken concord for years. A horse-stealing company will be the soul of harmony while there is work to do. There was discord even in Heaven before Lucifer was expelled; but we have no account of discord in hell.

"Devils, with devils damned firm concord hold,
Men only disagree."

☞ One of our political exchanges down east, says the editor of the opposition paper in that section "has got his skunk battery into position again!" Odorous comparisons these politicians indulge in.

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. HOOKER DID NOT SAY SO.—We have the best authority for stating that the report that Gen. Hooker replied to a question propounded by the Committee on the Conduct of the War in words to this effect, viz: that he attributes the failure of the Peninsular campaign to the incompetency of the commanding General (McClellan,) is wholly false. General Hooker did not give any such testimony.—*Washington Republican.*

THE foreign papers have a touching incident about Poland. A little boy was standing at the door of his mother's house, when he saw the Russians fire a volley on the insurgents. "Mother," cried the boy, "the Holy Virgin protects our friends, for I saw none of them fall." A Russian officer rode up and said, "See if the Holy Virgin will protect you," at the same time blowing out the boy's brains with a pistol.

A RESOLUTION has been agreed to in the Legislature of Virginia inquiring into the "expediency of reporting a law making it a penal offence for any one to maintain, by speaking or writing, the propriety of reconstructing the Union of the former United States." Have not the rebels told us that the whole people of the South are a unit for secession? Against whom, then, is this law aimed?

LEADING REBELS PREPARING FOR THE COLLAPSE.—Information has been received from Richmond, by the Government, that rich and prominent rebels, including Jeff. Davis's Secretary, Benjamin, for one, are converting the bulk of their property into foreign exchange—a significant circumstance. They are also making remittances to New York, through the medium of their state stocks, which enjoy a fictitious value in the market there.

THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.—On Friday, the 27th inst., the time allowed Gen. Hamilton by the President in which to organize an expedition for service in Texas, will expire. It is probable, however, that the time will be extended, as his arrangements therefor are not yet completed.

IN one county in Maryland there are seven hundred acres of strawberries, and two persons in that state have each one hundred and twenty acres, and three others one hundred acres each in strawberry fields.

A HOGSHEAD of tobacco was sold in Newport, Ky., on Saturday, at the extraordinary price of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per one hundred pounds.

CONDENSED air in shells is about to receive a trial at Chatham, England. The elasticity of compressed air augmented by heat, as in concussion, is said to be awfully explosive.

PRIVATE theatricals are rapidly growing in favor in England. The leading journals regard the fact as an indication of the growth of a sound national dramatic taste.

IRISH potatoes for planting are selling at Jackson, Miss., at the moderate price of thirty dollars a bushel.

THE REBEL NAVY.—The present condition of our navy, says the Richmond correspondent of the Southern Confederacy, could it with propriety be divulged, would thrill the Confederacy with joy. Prudential considerations, however, require that most of the Executive information on that subject should be communicated to Congress in secret session.

AN account of the battle of Waterloo has been found in the Duke of Wellington's handwriting, and is to be published. It refutes much that Thiers says on the subject.

GOV. BERRY, of New Hampshire, has appointed April 16th as a day of public fast in that state.

ARTEMUS WARD GOING TO ENGLAND.—The Buffalo Courier learns that Charles F. Brown (Artemus Ward) has received a very fine offer, from experienced and responsible parties, to go to England with a "comic lecture." The date mentioned for his departure is some time in next September, and it is probable he may accept the proposition.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—A letter was received at the Post Office on Friday afternoon, postmarked Port Royal, S. C., March 18th, addressed thus:—"For the prettyest girl in Chandlerville, Chester county, Pa." The postmaster must decide to whom the letter is to be delivered. If there is more than one pretty girl in the town, he will find difficulty in deciding which is the "prettyest."

THE total exportation of gold from San Francisco since the 1st of January, 1863, is $9,810,400, an excess over the corresponding period of 1862 of $3,288,500.

AN election was held in Western Virginia, on the ratification of the Wiley amendment to the constitution of the new state of West Virginia. The vote is almost unanimous in its favor. The amendment provides for the gradual emancipation of slaves.

BOTH Houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature have adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 15th of April.

REFUGEES arrived at Fortress Monroe, from Richmond via Yorktown, say that there are indications of a speedy evacuation of that city by the rebels. The entire abandonment of Virginia is regarded as not improbable. The restrictions upon freedom of speech are not so severe as formerly. They bring no news from Charleston, but the attack on that city is momentarily expected.

REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D., the well known author, preacher, traveller, linguist, and manager of various religious and benevolent enterprises, died at his residence in Yonkers, New York, the 15th ult., at the age of sixty-five.

GENERAL BURNSIDE has arrived at Cincinnati and assumed command of the Department of the Ohio. The whole of his old army corps, the ninth, has gone west to join him, and by this time has arrived at Cincinnati. He will immediately take the field in Kentucky against Longstreet.

THE French Minister of Foreign affairs has replied to Mr. Seward's last note. He regrets our declination of the French offer, says that the sentiments of the French Government remain unchanged, and that in future France will remain a spectator of the struggle. The news from Paris by the papers, is that the Emperor is sick of his Mexican enterprise, and will resume negotiations with Juarez as soon as his armies achieve a success which will save his honor.

IT is reported that Admiral Farragut has recaptured the Indianola.

HOT COFFEE in Richmond is selling at the fashionable restaurants, where the genuine is served out, for a dollar per cup—The Whig estimates the cost of coffee and sweetening at 25 cents, showing a clear profit of 75 cents on such a trifle as a cup of coffee.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CARS.—In a car on a railroad which runs into New York, a few mornings ago, a scene occurred which will not soon be forgotten by the witnesses of it. A person dressed as a gentleman, speaking to a friend across the car, said:—"Well, I hope the war may last six months longer. If it does I shall have made enough to retire from business. In the last six months I've made a hundred thousand dollars—six months more and I shall have enough." A lady sat behind the speaker, and necessarily heard his remark; but when he was done she tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him:—"*Sir, I had two sons—one of them was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg; the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro.*" She was silent a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, overcome by her indignation, she suddenly slapped the speculator, first on one cheek, then on the other, and before the fellow could say a word, the passengers sitting near, who had witnessed the whole affair, seized him, and pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one not fit to ride with decent people.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—Lord Palmerston, during a debate in the House of Commons on the Prince of Wales's Annuity bill, thus summed up the qualifications of the Princess Alexandra, the future Queen of England:—

When the question arose of selecting a princess who might be the wife of the Prince of Wales, the following conditions were thought to be requisite; first of all, that she should be young; next, that she should be handsome; (a laugh and hear, hear;) farther, that she should be agreeable, that she should be amiable in her disposition, that she should be well brought up; and lastly, that she should be a Protestant. (Hear, hear.) All these conditions, I am happy to say, are united in the Princess Alexandra (Cheers.) I trust therefore that the choice will be as satisfactory to the nation as I am sure it will be conducive to the happiness of the Prince of Wales. (Cheers).

CHATTANOOGA THE LAST GRAND RALLYING POINT OF THE ENEMY.—It is stated by prominent secessionists, who are usually well posted in such matters, that the rebel leaders are preparing to concentrate their whole available force in the vicinity of Chattanooga, there to make the last grand effort of the rebellion.

☞ On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false-Hood.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

DANIEL HUME.

Paris Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

What a singular history is that of Daniel Hume, the medium! Here is a young man, who, without illustrious birth, and without other merit than that of practicing brilliantly an acknowledged imposition,* has jumped suddenly to a familiar association with monarchs and with the very highest nobility of Europe. After creating for himself a name in the spirit world of America, Hume came to Europe, and we first hear of him in a prominent way at Florence, where in a little circle of artists and literary people—of whom Hiram Powers, Mr. McKinney, the Brownings and the Martineaus were members—he performed feats which rendered his name at once familiar to all the reading world of Europe. It was there that he met the Count Kouchaloff, a Russian gentleman, whose sister he afterwards married. The Count brought Hume to Paris, and among other distinguished persons of Paris society whom he invited to his house to witness Hume's wonderful performances, was the Count Bacchiochi, a relative of the Emperor, one of the Chamberlains of his Majesty, and charged specially with the direction of the theatrical and other amusements of the Court. Whether M. Bacchiochi became a convert to Hume's power, or only desired to fulfil faithfully his office of Court amuser, I do not know; but he introduced Hume at the Tuileries, and at the first sitting, at which only their Majesties and M. Bacchiochi were present, Hume was fortunate enough to accomplish some of his most astounding feats. From that day Hume has been a "pet" of the palace and of the Court people generally. His relation to the Emperor and Empress is that of an intimate friend, and he enjoys the extraordinary privilege of being admitted, *as a matter of course*, to all the *soirees*, of whatever character, at the palace. As early as two years ago he had already gained such an influence with the Empress that she scolded him as she would a near friend for not coming to see her when she was in London on her way to Scotland; and when Hume objected, that he feared to disturb her in the state of mind she then was—the Duchess of Alba had just died—she replied that it was just because she had need of his "soothing sympathy" that she desired to see him. These two words, in fact, disclose more than all others the secret of Hume's power. He is rather tall and slim, has sandy hair and moustache, pale face and blue eyes. To great elegance of person and distinction of manners, he unites a mildness and tenderness of expression which those who come within his influence call angelic, and which sheds about him a sort of dreamy, unearthly charm scarcely powerfully enough expressed by the words "soothing sympathy." There is something mysterious in the man's organization which binds to him as by a spell other organizations peculiarly endowed. There is something in his look, in his presence, in the very atmosphere of his room, which imparts happiness and sunshine to those about him. Ladies of the highest birth sit on a stool at his feet, and gazing into his magnetic eyes, receive comfort and consolation from his lips. He calls them "my child," and gives advice like a father confessor. In an earlier and more superstitious period of the world's history, he would have passed for a being of divine origin, and would have had his disciples ready to suffer martyrdom in his defence. Now, what is the explanation of this wonderful power? Is it a higher order of animal magnetism, or only adroit swindling? Hume protests that he is ignorant of the source from whence he derives his power; that it is not a study, but a gift; that it is an involuntary accompaniment of his being, from which he could not separate himself if he would. The persons who fall within his influence do not pretend to give a reason for their hallucination; they say that it does them good—that it renders them happy—to come within the circle of his power; but they cannot tell why. Hume lives in the Place Vendome, as a guest in the family of the Count de ——, where he receives visits, presents, and invitations innumerable from persons of the highest rank in society. He is preparing for publication his personal memoirs, or rather his autobiography, for he is said to be fast declining with consumption—the same disease which lately killed his wife. He has a child, a wonderfully precocious boy, who is said to see and hold daily communication with his deceased mother, and who is thus growing up as much in the knowledge and affection of his mother as if she were still living and always present.

* We believe this statement to be untrue, if it is meant to affirm that Mr. Hume or any of his friends have ever made such an acknowledgment.

☞ COINCIDENCE OF DREAMS.—A Philadelphia paper stated last week that one of the Hawkins Zouazes saw, in a dream, a scroll in the heavens on which was inscribed "Peace, April 23, 1863." Nothing very remarkable in this, certainly, but a correspondent at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, assures us that the venerable Mr Wright, a member of Capt. Cabot's artillery company, had the same dream more than four months since, the date being coincident. Lovers of the marvellous will therefore make a note of this and "see what they shall see."—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ A few days since, a young lady residing below Marlboro', Maryland, who was engaged to be married to a young merchant of Washington, started in company with some friends for that city, where the knot was to have been tied; but on the way, the party stopped in Marlboro' to refresh themselves and, by accident, an old flame made his appearance, and on learning the object of her visit, renewed his claims for her hand, was accepted, and in a short time married, and the pair took the back track homeward. We are not informed how the Washington man took it.

☞ "Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did, but how?" "I guess you'd have a lost yourn if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question" "Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

LATEST NEWS.

The Siege of Charleston.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The prize steamer Peterhof has just arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard from Port Royal, whence she sailed on the 24th inst.

The Captain (Acting Master Lewis) reports that on the night of 25th inst, when within eighteen miles of Charleston, *he saw many bombs flying, and heard the report of heavy guns.*

All the officers of the vessel conclude that this must arise from the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, in which opinion they were confirmed by the fact that all the Monitors, seven in number, had left Port Royal on Sunday, for, what was then said, Charleston. The flashes and explosions were distinctly seen until nine o'clock that night, when the ship was thirty-five miles off the coast.

The Rebels Driven from Danville, Ky.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—Parson Brownlow has arrived from Tennessee, and reports that the rebels are concentrating all their infantry formerly in East Tennessee at Tullahoma, while their cavalry is making a diversion on East Kentucky, hoping to draw away a portion of Gen. Rosecrans's troops. Reinforcements are daily arriving at Tullahoma from Virginia.

Gen. Gilmore crossed the Kentucky river in force yesterday; recaptured Danville, and is driving the rebels in the direction of Crab Orchard.

The Louisville Journal of Saturday learns that the rebel infantry under Dennison have crossed the Cumberland, near Hartsburg, in Pulaski county.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—A dispatch was received to-day by the Navy Department, from Admiral Farragut, dated below Warrenton, March 19th, in which he says, about ten miles above Grand Gulf, he saw the wreck of the Indianola on the right bank of the river. She was partially submerged, and her upper works very much shattered by the explosion.

On Sunday morning an attack was made by the rebels on our lines near Williamsburg, but they were repulsed by the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 27th notes the execution, by hanging, of Captain M. De Hart, a soldier of the United States army. Captain H. Webster has also been sentenced to death by a rebel court martial.

The destruction of the rebel steamer Georgiana is officially confirmed. It is supposed that she had arms on board, but this is not definitely known.

A rebel force made an attack on our men at Wingfield, on the Chowan river, on Saturday, but they were put to flight after a fight of an hour and a half.

The rebels have an account of the evacuation of Pensacola by the Union forces. They say, however, that Forts Barrancas and Hyacinthe and the Navy Yard are still occupied.

The rebel newspapers have long accounts of disasters to the Union fleet in the Mississippi. The rebels say that two gunboats attempted to pass down the river, but were fired upon. One is said to have been sunk and the other to have been set on fire and destroyed. The rebel Gen. Pemberton officially reports the same story, except that the number of boats is increased to four.

The steamer Asia, from Liverpool on the 14th, arrived at New York on Saturday. The rebel Mason is still claiming that the blockade is a nullity, but a letter from Earl Russell has silenced him. The Emancipation Society of Manchester have protested against the course of the English government in allowing vessels for the rebels to be fitted out in England. The accounts of the Polish insurrection are still uncertain.

☞ A merchant in Philadelphia advertised for a boy who was "quick at figures." A darling youth appeared, bringing his mother's certificate of his agility in the Lancers and the German. The merchant told him that he would probably engage him when he wanted a *partner*, but not while he was only looking for a clerk.

☞ As the conscription act takes all unmarried men between the ages of 20 and 45 before it touches the married men, but exempts widows' sons, we hear that several bachelors contemplate the idea of adopting widows for their mothers. Some of our exchanges think this will prove a dangerous practice.

☞ An old bachelor of our acquaintance says he doesn't wonder that married men over thirty-five years of age are placed in the second class of conscripts under the new conscription law. They have suffered enough for their country already!

I saw him kiss your cheek. 'Tis true.
Oh, modesty! 'Twas strictly kept;
He thought me asleep; at least I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept.

☞ An Indianapolis editor attending church last Sabbath for the first time in many years, stopped at the entrance, and after looking in vain for the bell-pull, deliberately knocked at the door, and politely waited until somebody opened it and let him in.

☞ To ascertain how much speed there is in you, make a face at a red-haired woman when she has a cistern-pole in her hand.

☞ WORLD OF PURE SPIRITS.—An inveterate dram drinker, being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied—"Well that's a comfort at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

☞ In speaking of the right and left bank of a river, it is supposed that a person is looking *down* stream. Occupying this position, he will have the right bank on his right hand, the left bank on his left so that in any case, in order to know which is the right bank, and which is the left, he has only to know which way the river runs, in flowing from its source to the sea.

SWEET SPRING

THROW OFF THY GARB OF SNOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sweet Spring, throw off thy garb of snow!
Our hearts are yearning
For the blue violets below.
Childhood is mourning

For the red robin's joyous song;
In dreams are springing
Daisies, their pleasant haunts among.
The rose is flinging

Its fragrance on the dewy air.
Oh, heed our dreaming;
Bring flow'rs whose bright leaves rich and rare
Like stars are gleaming!

Come! with thy dainty footsteps light,—
Bring songs and flowers;
Come! with thy train so fair and bright,
The golden hours.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

With a smothered shriek—a last, frenzied cry of "Aleck! dearest Aleck!" Helen awoke from the nightmare.

She was sitting upright; the cold sweat dripping from her forehead; her hands clasped, and her lungs heaving convulsively, as if the imaginary pressure had been real, and but just removed. The room was dimly illumined by the dull, red glow of the embers. She had replenished the fire just before going to bed. Had it burned out so soon? Groping her way to the mantel, she struck a light and looked at her watch.

Ten minutes past two! and she was still alone! Where was he? Was there then truth in the horrible dream that had scared her native bravery from her breast, and had he deserted her? Or, was he ill? Had sudden sickness, or fatal accident befallen him in that far off, lonely room?

Seeking hastily for a wrapper, she took down from the wardrobe the crimson cashmere robe she had worn when summoned to meet Aleck in the office, on her wedding night. She thought of that interview while preparing for this, and the memory strengthened her resolve. Taking the candle with her, she stepped out into the cheerless hall. A ray of light stole from under the library door, but all was still within. Her soft step had not disturbed the student. With a beating heart she turned the bolt and entered.

"Who is there?" cried Aleck, angrily springing to his feet.

Then, as his wife's pale, shocked countenance met his sight, he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to dispel the mists of some horrible illusion, and said, more gently—

"Ah! Helen! is it you? You startled me a little! Is anything the matter?"

"Not with *me*, darling!"

She had seen his face, and pride and resentment fled apace. The terrible anguish that had ploughed those furrows in the brow and left its imprint upon every feature, should not be borne by him alone, while she lived to share the load. She crept up to him like a child to whom perfect love has taught boldness, and wound her arms about his neck; drew down his cheek to hers.

"Aleck! dear husband! you cannot reject my sympathy in your trouble—even while you may not think it best to confide to me its nature. I wish I could bear it with and for you!"

He strained her to his heart, as if he would never let her go.

"Darling! darling!" was all he could say, in accents strangled by the dwelling of the pent-up flood of feeling.

Then he placed her in the chair from which he had arisen; knelt before her, and still holding her in his arms, buried his face in her lap, while a storm of sobs shook his whole frame. The bewildered and terrified wife strove by every loving art to win him back to composure. Not once did she inquire into the cause of the agitation that could so master his healthy nerves and powerful will. She only implored him to be comforted, for her sake; reminded him that whatever other calamity had befallen him, they were still spared to one another; that their mutual affection remained unchanged.

"You *are* mine! mine only—are you not?" he asked, suddenly, lifting himself to look at her. "You gave yourself to me, not because you believed another unfaithful—but because you loved me?"

"You know that I have always loved you, dearest!"

She pressed her lips to the hot eyes, laid his head upon her bosom.

"Do not think me weak, unmanly," he said, gratefully. "But I had sat here all the night, surrounded by images of such horror; beset by reflections so agonizing, that the reaction produced by your blessed companionship was too great. I shall not be overpowered again. You have done me good, my comforting angel! Poor child!" he continued, stroking the pallid face bowed over his.—"You are worn out with watching and anxiety. I am a careless brute, who does not deserve such a wife."

Her hand was upon his mouth and stopped the words.

"I am not worn out! I have had a long nap,—and awaking, was alarmed to find how late it was; became uneasy lest you might be sick, or some accident had happened, and came to look for you. This is the history of my intrusion."

"Intrusion! a welcome diversion! I was under a spell, and might have remained here until dawn, without moving, had you not broken it."

He was sitting upon the sofa, now, and pulled her, with gentle force, to his knee.—As she complied with his wish, she saw his eye rest upon a pile of papers heaped in the middle of the table, and that a shuddering anguish, a fearful look of sorrow and rage, went over his visage; felt him tremble violently under her weight.

"I cannot have you stay in this haunted chamber!" she said, in forced playfulness.—"The influence of the unholy spell is upon you still, I see."

"If I could tell you—but no! it would be cruel!"

"To me—do you mean? If that withholds you from speaking freely, I can answer the objection. How often have you declared that I was the bravest girl in Christendom? and I am *your wife*, now, Aleck!"

"Thank God for that!" was the fervent response. "There have been moments to-night, when I have been ready to call myself a villain—an unscrupulous, criminally selfish villain—for having married you at the time, and in the manner I did. But you are my witness, dear one, that passionately as I loved you, I never uttered a syllable that conflicted with Robert's rights until I believed that you were freed—and by him!"

"Aleck! what are you saying? Did he not free me!" exclaimed Helen, growing deathly pale, more at his look and manner, than his language.

"Hush, love! As I have said, you are mine—lawfully and forever! There was no wrong in what we did, although a morbid and overwrought sensibility may discern cause for regret that our action was so hasty; that we relied too readily upon the evidence furnished us. But the result would have been the same had we waited for further developments. Be assured of that! I would have made you my wife at the earliest date to which I could gain your consent—in spite of our sorrow and the opposition of others. What should I do without the consolation of your society—the cordial of your sympathy now?"

"You are talking in enigmas," said Helen, colorless as marble, yet speaking firmly. "And since you have said thus much, I must know all. You wrong me in keeping it back. Every moment of suspense causes me additional and needless suffering. I cannot only be strong, but prudent and secret."

She stood in front of him with composed and resolute mein.

"Not so! You must come back to your old place—to your home, dearest! only while I hold you fast, and feel the touch of your hand upon mine, can I have courage to go through with the sad tale. I will tell you! my heart aches to pour out its grief before you, and the knowledge must come to you sooner or later. Have you the strength to listen now?"

"I have the strength for anything—for everything but this racking suspense."

Carefully and gradually as he could, in his own excited state, he unfolded to her all that he had learned and suspected within the past four days.

While in Baltimore he had gone into a jeweler's in quest of some gift for her, and looking idly into a show-case of watches, espied one resembling so precisely a timepiece he had sent Robert from Europe, a year before, that he asked leave to examine it. His gift to his brother was inscribed on the inside of the case with a peculiar cypher composed of their joint initials, and, to his astonishment, he found this identical hieroglyph within that he now held.

"This is a second hand watch, I perceive," he remarked to the proprietor of the establishment.

"It is, sir—but a first-class article. One seldom sees a finer specimen of the kind in this country."

"I think that I recognize it as an old acquaintance," rejoined Mr. Lay, nonchalantly as he could speak. "If I were sure of the fact I should certainly buy it. Will it be any breach of confidence if you tell me the name of the person from whom you had it?"

"None whatever, sir, provided we know it ourselves. Everything in our business is conducted fairly and above board," replied the merchant, willing to secure a purchaser.

He referred to his books for the desired information. The watch was brought to the store on the twentieth of January by a gentleman who professed to dispose of it on behalf of another—but, beyond this, Aleck could learn nothing. The clerk who had concluded the bargain was out, and none of the other employees retained any recollection of the customer's appearance or name. Stipulating that he should have the refusal of the watch until a certain hour in the afternoon, Aleck left the shop and went to transact some business at the bank where his account had been kept ever since he reached his majority.

He was personally well known to the officials there, and the cashier, while paying over the amount he wished to draw, observed—"By-the-way, Mr. Lay, I hope your brother has had no cause of dissatisfaction with us. His deposits have usually been heavy, and his drafts so infrequent as to leave a large amount always to his credit. But, one day, about the middle of January, he surprised us by drawing upon us for every cent he had in our hands—for more, in fact, as he has learned from the statement of account we forwarded to him by mail. He overchecked, inadvertently, to the amount of five hundred dollars."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Aleck. "Who presented the drafts?"

"A neighbor of yours, I think—Colonel Floyd."

"What!"

"Unless I was mistaken that was the name by which your brother's letter introduced him," answered the bank officer, in some surprise. "I kept it as a voucher, although the bearer came to us in company with a well-known and highly respectable citizen."

"I should like to see both letter and draft if you please!" requested Aleck, recovering himself.

They were quickly produced. The note was brief, and dated December 24th; and it, as well as the drafts, bore Robert's signature.

"The genuineness of which I deny!" said Aleck to the alarmed cashier. "In the first place, I do not believe that my brother would have taken a step so singular and important without consulting me; in the second, I happen to know that Colonel Floyd would not be the individual likely to be entrusted with this business. Mr. Robert Lay is not at home just now, and I ask you, as a favor, to let the matter rest until I can privately investigate it."

The promise was willingly given, and the perturbed Aleck directed his steps again to the jewelers, more anxious than ever to obtain possession of the watch and unriddle the mystery of its present ownership.

The head clerk was in the store this time, a sharp, quick Yankee, whose wits were always on the alert, and who was, in this case, disposed to be very communicative. He recollected perfectly the incident of the watch being offered for sale, and the physiognomy, form, etc., of the man who brought it to the establishment. His attention was particularly drawn to these by the oddity of the proposed negotiation on the part of a gentleman so imposing in demeanor, and stylish in apparel. He could tell more, for chancing on the day after the purchase to enter the office of a certain fashionable hotel, he had seen the same person sitting there, smoking in company with a party of acquaintances, had inquired his name, and learned that it was Floyd.

With the watch safe in his pocket, Aleck thanked the obliging salesman, and hurried off to follow up another clue to the truth of the dark surmise he yet entertained vaguely—almost blindly. This was an inspection of the hotel register of January 20th. He found upon the record of the 18th Colonel Floyd's name, written in his dashing hand. He had been in the city at that date then, although Aleck had never heard of the visit until now. He, it was, beyond a question, who had presented the false checks—if false they were—and sold the watch. Could he be acting as Robert's agent—accredited, yet secret? If this were so, there was deep villainy somewhere—if not, imagination recoiled at the black abyss of crime unveiled by the doubt. Still undergoing the torments of indecision and never-still suspicions, he set out upon his return journey.

The nearest depot to Maple Hill was Rock's tavern, to which place Robert's farewell letter to his brother had directed him to send for his horse. Hero had been found there, securely stabled, and had now occupied his old stall at Greenfield for many weeks; but motives of delicacy, the principal of which was to shield Robert from public remark, had deterred Aleck from making any inquiries as to who had left the animal in the hostler's care. Dismissing these now as absurd, where issues so momentous were involved, he, upon his arrival at the tavern, made it his business to search out the negro who had charge of the stables, and recalling to his mind the circumstance and the time of its occurrence, asked whether he had himself seen Mr. Robert Lay while he waited at the house for the afternoon train. The fellow professed to recollect everything connected with the matter, and was positive in declaring that the horse had not been brought to the stable until two hours after the cars had passed, and when it was already dark; that his rider was a negro of gruff speech and few words, who represented that he had been ordered to leave the horse in his, the hostler's keeping, until Mr. Alexander Lay of Maple Hill, should send for him, and forthwith departed upon foot. He would be loath, he subjoined, hesitatingly to get an innocent person into mischief, but one of the stable boys had recognized the horseman by flashing a lantern into his face as he was leaving the yard. He was—the groom was certain—a free colored man of questionable character, who lived about five miles away.

Aleck diverged from his road on the way home, to call at this fellow's abode—a mean cabin, situated in a pine grove about midway between Colonel Floyd's plantation and the depot, a sequestered, ill-looking spot, fit to be the scene of evil deeds that shunned the light. The owner of this choice habitation was absent, but his wife appeared at the door when the carriage stopped, and manifested signs of extreme trepidation at beholding the visitor. Alighting, with a severe, determined countenance, Mr. Lay called her aside, and boldly proclaimed his knowledge of her husband's errand to the tavern on Christmas night—a job that would get him into trouble unless he could show that he came honestly by the horse, or confessed who had commissioned him to perform the act. The woman hung back for a time. She knew nothing of the matter; she had not seen the animal; she was away from home all Christmas week, and a dozen lies more, which Aleck upset as fast as she brought them forward.

At last, as he was turning off with the warning that she and her accomplices might shortly find themselves before a tribunal where means would be devised to extort the truth, she burst into tears and offered to reveal all she knew, provided he would not betray her to her husband. A horse had been brought to their house about three o'clock on Christmas day by Booker, Colonel Floyd's head man. She had peeped at him through the window as he talked in the yard with Jeff, her husband, had seen him hand Jeff a bank note, and that the latter led the horse to the rude hut they called a barn, and shut him in, locking the door and pocketing the key. She did not dare to ask questions, or indeed to mention what she had witnessed, unless Jeff should volunteer an allusion to the affair. He made but one remark that could have any bearing upon the subject, and that was at night-fall, just after he had dispatched his supper.

"I shan't be home until near midnight," he had said, "and I've got one word to say before I start. Whatever you've seen today, or may hear to-night, hold your tongue, or you'll suffer for it."

With that he went out, and she distinctly heard the tramping of hoofs soon afterwards.

"While anxiety and suspense were wrought to the highest pitch by my endeavors to shape a reasonable theory out of all this," continued Aleck, "I reached home, and the first object I beheld was Colonel Floyd's carriage, with Booker standing by it; heard from you that he himself was waiting to see me. His ostensible business was to ask me to fix a day for the settlement of his guardianship accounts. He offered the intelligence that he could hand over immediately that portion of your estate which was in ready money, and also render satisfactory statements of sales of property—the yearly crops and servant's hire; sums disbursed for your expenses—and a great deal more plausible talk to which I lent only half an ear. As adroitly as I could in my unsettled state, I forced him to speak of his liabilities to Robert, the proofs of which I told him my brother had showed me in a couple of bonds executed and signed by Colonel Floyd, covering an amount of nine hundred dollars. Accomplished villain as I knew him to be, I was yet thunderstruck when he produced from his pocket-book the identical bonds, and displayed a long cross-mark on the face of each—made, he averred, by Robert himself on the day before Christmas, at which date he had paid over the full amount of his indebtedness, and received these in testimony thereof. Now, my darling—do not be too much shocked by what I am going to say. At twelve o'clock that very Christmas Eve, Robert and I sat in my chamber talking over his prospects—pecuniary and matrimonial—and he exhibited these very papers uncancelled; told me of the debt still due to him, expressing his doubt as to its final liquidation, and his regret for the weakness that had beguiled him into lending money to an unprincipled spendthrift."

"Can it be!" exclaimed Helen. "Yet I heard Colonel Floyd tell you—"

"You heard him tell me!" interrupted Aleck, with increasing excitement; "like the liar that he is, that he had never held any communication with Robert since the noon of the 24th of December; that the annulled bonds were delivered to him at that time—the papers which I stand prepared to swear I saw twelve hours later in my brother's hands. I purposely made him repeat the statement in your presence that I might have a credible witness of the astounding falsehood. Now come several grave questions. By what means did he obtain possession of those bonds—and Robert's watch—a prized keepsake which I have often heard him declare he would never part with on any consideration? If that woman's tale be true, and it is corroborated by the hostlers—Colonel Floyd's man Booker must have seen Robert, and had some transaction with him on Christmas morning; else how came he by the horse he left at the free negroes? What is it?" for Helen closed her hands with a low ejaculation.

"I do not know that it is worth mentioning," she said, "but on that day I took a long walk in the woods back of Belleview, and while sitting under a clump of evergreens, a mile or more from the house, I saw Booker pass on horseback. I had only a partial view of the horse, but I remember he was dark bay in color, and carried his head high, like a gentleman's hunter. Could it have been Robert's Hero?"

"I believe it," said her husband, emphatically. "In what direction was he going—along what road?"

"That was the strangest part of it! He rode through the thickest heart of the forest, where there was not even a bridal path. I supposed that he was taking a short cut from the Bryantown to the Maysville road."

"The very route he would have chosen if he wished to go by stealth to Jeff Harris's house. Go on! You heard and saw nothing more while you were there?"

"Nothing—the day was very still. Oh, yes, I did hear a gun! but it sounded some distance off—I should say half a mile."

"Was this before or after Booker passed you?"

"Before—some time before. My idea was when I saw him, that he had fired it, for there are not many sportsmen daring enough to hunt on Colonel Floyd's grounds."

"Does he allow Booker to carry fire-arms?" asked Aleck, assuming the composure that was contradicted by the white strain of the muscles on the lower part of his face.

"Not that I know of. I do not recollect ever seeing him with a gun. Colonel Floyd rarely stirs from the house without his. I have told you that it was by this sign that Sally identified him in the eaves-dropper behind the oak at the spring, one night, when Robert and myself were talking together."

Abandoning the effort to look and speak, as if no great horror were upon her spirit, she said, gazing tremblingly into her husband's eyes—the more fearfully as she saw them try to avoid her's—

"Aleck! you have not said all yet! Tell me plainly, what is your fear? My brain is in such a whirl that I cannot connect all the circumstances you have enumerated. I only feel that there is some frightful mystery in this."

"Would it be wise or merciful in me to burden you with what may be a mistaken conjecture?" he answered, evasively. "Here are Robert's letters—or those purporting to have come from him since his strange flight. Will you look them over with me?"

The first was dated Washington, D. C., and contained but eight or ten lines. It was as the writer termed it, a miserable scrawl," and signed—"in great haste, R. C. L." The second was longer, and date and postmark were Vicksburg, Miss. In it, he spoke of himself as a man wrecked in heart, and well nigh ruined in fortune, and intimated his intention of seeking a residence in some distant land. Dishonored and disappointed, he could not yet face his former associates.

"I have not had one word from you, or from L. since I forsook home, and resigned reputation for her sake. Women are the most faithless of created beings, as even you may find some day to your cost. Love to your wife. I read a notice of your marriage in a Baltimore paper. Are you not obliged to me for stepping out of the way in the nick of time? She was easily consoled, and I am not the person to regret this; yet I should have respected her more if she had paid a decent regard to the proprieties of the case. I wish you joy of your bargain, and often amuse myself by fancying how entirely you agree in heaping contempt upon my devoted head. Ah, well! so wags the world! and I must not complain. It is not likely that you will hear from me again shortly. I leave this place this afternoon, for New Orleans, where, unless I change my mind, I shall take passage for Europe. You don't care for me now, old scamp, and I am fast learning resignation to this conviction. Let Greenfield stand as it is, for a year—within which time I will forward instructions as to the disposition I wish you to make of the property.

"Your's more carelessly than of yore,
"ROBERT C. LAY."

Aleck's earliest perusal of this epistle had been so hasty and indignant that he had failed to note its irregular characters; been incapable of comparing its coarse careless language with Robert's gentle and habitually courteous style. That his scrutiny and conclusions on this night had been more searching and correct was evidenced by his next movement.

"Compare them!" he said, laying down before his wife a letter which his brother had written him while he was abroad.

The clean, clear sheet offered at the first glance such a contrast to the Vicksburg document that Helen changed color with surprise and consternation before her husband proceeded, word by word, letter by letter, to point out the dissimilarity between the two. A general resemblance existed—sufficient to deceive a cursory or unsuspecting reader, but the longer one looked the more bungling appeared the forgery.

"What does it mean?" questioned Helen, in a suppressed voice of awe or fright.

"Just this—" Aleck pressed down his wrath and grief to reply—"just this! our poor brother never wrote either of these communications. They are part of a villainous plot contrived to dupe us into a belief of his unworthiness, and to hide, Heaven alone knows what degree of treachery and crime. The introductory step in the system of deception that has imposed upon no one more than myself—blind, besotted fool that I was! was that libellous letter delivered to me on Christmas night—which—mark me! that wretch Petronius confessed to me in this room, not four hours ago, he did not get from Robert. The cowardly knave, terrified by my manner into the belief that I had discovered his false dealing, owned that he had cherished a grudge against me from the evening of that meeting at Mr. Shore's on account of my public rebuke to himself; that Booker had taunted him with the story several times, and meeting him in the road on the afternoon of Christmas day, offered him a chance of paying off the score by annoying and mortifying me. The job was an easy one, and if carried through well he was to receive ten dollars. He had only to give up this letter and declare that he had had it from Mr. Robert Lay; that he had met him at such and such a place on the road, and been commissioned to deliver the envelope into my hands. The rascally hypocrite did his work well. Oh!" he groaned, arising and striding through the room, "how dull—how madly stupid I have been!"

Helen sat like a statue.

"Dearest!" she ventured to say, after a while, "where, then, is Robert? What has become of him?"

He stopped—letting his clenched fist fall heavily upon the table. "Before Heaven I speak what I believe to be the truth, when I declare that Colonel Floyd *murdered* him—either with his own hands, or by means of his servant, Booker!"

In his overwhelming excitement he had not made due allowance for his wife's weaker nerves; had not appreciated the fact that she had had but one little hour in which to receive and comprehend the dread conviction that had been growing in his mind for three days.

As the word "murdered" left his tongue, she sprang to her feet with a wild, horrified stare, and when the sentence was finished gave a cry, and fell back fainting.

CHAPTER XV.

It was not not long after sunrise the next morning when Aleck Lay dismounted at the Greenfield gate. Returning slightly, and with an absent air, the surprised salutations of the few servants who were about the stables and yard, he went quickly up the walk to the house door, unlocked it, entered, and shut it behind him. The confined air in the halls struck coldly to his heart; the shadows lurking in corners, the feeble light glimmering through the barred shutters had something ghostly about them. Unconsciously, he trod softly in ascending the stairs;—more lightly and slowly as he reached his brother's vacant chamber. It was very dark, and to his imagination, colder than the rest of the house. It required an effort of courage to pass the threshold, and he had to grope his way across the room where he wished to draw a curtain and throw wide a blind. Everything was in perfect order. Aunt Ruth had spent half a day there, during the first week of Robert's absence; had arranged clothing and furniture; swept and dusted, before, in obedience to Aleck's directions she had shut up the chamber and turned the key on the outside. She had performed her self-imposed duty with many tears, but the housewifery eyes were not therefore dimmed, nor had the neat, swift fingers lost their cunning. Aleck's present expedition was undertaken at his wife's suggestion, and Aunt Ruth's motherly care for her absent boy, joined to her spinsterly particularity, was the main cause.

When Helen was fully acquainted with the nature and extent of her husband's dreads, and had regained some measure of her usual firmness and penetration, he found her acute intelligence and correct memory invaluable assistants in forwarding his researches. She had recapitulated Sally's account of the dishonorable conduct of Col. Floyd on the night of the rendezvous at the spring;—his attempts to induce Robert, and then herself to consent to a marriage contract; his chagrin and rage at his failure, which, after overhearing the conversation under the oak, he must have known was irremediable. The maid had never dared to confide the truth of her discovery to her mistress until they were safely installed at Maple Hill, and when she did impart it, had joined to the tale such confused details of Lily's attempted elopement, and the scene between master and man on the back porch, while she cowered under the steps, as awakened Helen's amazed curiosity, but not her fears. Now these were recalled, and Sally subjected to a thorough examination. Upon sifting her evidence little that was new could be elicited, and she was stout in her conviction that Colonel Floyd and Booker were out "hunting runaways" when his ward was married.

Aleck, reverting to his impression that the note brought by Gabriel to Robert on the morning of their parting was not directed by Helen, but Lily, and coupling it with Robert's declaration that he had an appointment at ten o'clock, was sure that this assignation was, in some manner, the plan by which he was lured into danger and destruction.

"If I only had that note I feel assured that I should hold the key to the whole mystery," he said, wistfully. "How I wish that I had not obeyed the mistaken delicacy that forbade my questioning him as to its contents!"

"Do you remember what he did with it?" asked Helen.

"I cannot say with certainty—but my

idea is that he thrust it into his vest pocket so soon as he finished reading it."

"Aunt Ruth told me not long since," said Helen, thoughtfully—"that the hardest trial she had had in all the sorrow connected with Robert's departure was sitting down in his deserted room and mending a vest he had thrown aside just before going out Christmas morning. She met him on the stairs directly after breakfast, and observing that the vest had lost a button, and was frayed about collar and pockets, advised him to change it before he went to the Court House. It was not until she visited his chamber several days afterwards to put away his things, preparatory to locking it up, that she knew how well he had obeyed her injunction. The vest lay on the bureau where he had tossed it upon taking it off. She was exceedingly touched by this proof of his regard for her wishes. It may be that the Providence who has so strangely guided your investigations thus far may lead you to further discoveries by means of this seemingly insignificant incident. Say nothing to Aunt Ruth about it. The trouble will fall upon her soon enough. Wait for certainty."

To find this cast-off garment then, was Aleck's object in revisiting an apartment where everything he beheld aroused poignant grief, and vain, bitter remorse. The drawers at which he began his explorations were carefully packed by Aunt Ruth's tidy hands, and his, although less skillful, handled each article with reverent tenderness. A great change had come over his thoughts of Robert. In place of the flush of shame and anger he had been used to feel warm his brow, at thought of his disgraceful flight and the unmanly conduct that preceded it; his supposed infidelity and duplicity;—the old tide of fostering fondness for his young, handsome brother, joined with anguish at his loss and deep repentance for the rank injustice he had done that gentle, noble spirit, in thought and speech—and swelled his heart almost to bursting. There was no time to be wasted in unavailing lamentations, or he must have bowed before the torrent of feeling and memory that flowed at sight of many familiar, and now sacred relics. The homeliest article of apparel—Robert's hunting-suit; the heavy, muddy boots he had worn upon their last tramp through the low-grounds; a stained and shapeless straw hat, discarded as past worthy when the fishing season was over, and left forgotten and useless hanging upon a peg in the closet—these had become most precious in his sight.

One master emotion drove him onward in the work to which he believed destiny had appointed him; forced him forward over the graves of early and dear association and later loves; forbade the burning, bloodshot eyes the indulgence of a tear—the aching heart the relief of a sigh. Justice—justice, swift and awful, upon the head of his brother's destroyer! He was not malignant or indictive by nature, but he experienced a savage thrill of exultation in the thought that the bloodhound was ready to spring at the murderer's throat,—ready, and straining at the leash, which he—the rightful avenger of blood—held.

"At last!"

He had feared lest he might not recognize the garment he sought; yet he knew it at a glance, as it was revealed by an opening draw of the wardrobe. It lay uppermost, smoothly folded, the wrong side out, but he recollected the glossy black silk and its tiny embroidered rose-bud, in the portion of the fabric composing the collar. He snatched it up, then stood for a moment powerless to end his anxiety by further examination. He had to summon physical nerve with moral resolution before he thrust his fingers in trembling desperation into the pocket. They touched a paper, dragged it forth, an envelope directed to Mr. Robert Lay, Greenfield, and bearing in one corner the words—by Gabriel. He had to sit down to read it, he was so utterly weak. The ink was very pale, the pen-strokes delicate. An exclamation of extreme impatience escaped him at the trifling delay caused by the necessity of approaching a window before he could decipher the few lines upon which depended so much.

"Robert"—he read—"I am very, very sad to-day, and there is no one excepting yourself to whom I can speak of my great trouble. It would do me good, be an unspeakable comfort, if I could have one, just one more talk with you before there is put between us a barrier that must last for a lifetime. Believe me, I am not jealous of Helen's superior claims. I pray hourly for your happiness and hers; yet I cannot help feeling lonely now that I am about to lose my brother—my best—I had almost said, my only friend! If you have a half hour to spare this morning, will you not meet me at ten o'clock under the spruce pine? the picnic ground, you remember! It is not so far from the road to the court-house that you will lose much time in complying with this, as it may seem to you, bold request. I will explain my reasons for making it when we meet. Until then trust me so far as to believe them good and sufficient. What I have to say concerns you no less than myself. Do not disappoint me! I shall wait for you until twelve o'clock,

"Your fond sister, LILY."

Five minutes later Aleck stood upon the piazza and shouted to a negro in the stable-yard.

"Ben! saddle Hero, and bring him around directly! directly! do you hear?"

"Hero did you say, Mars' Aleck?" said the man coming nearer.

"Hero! and hurry! are you deaf?"

The groom shook his head as he disappeared in the stable, implying that he could say much more on the subject if he cared to risk further parly with his impatient superior.

While he waited, Aleck walked the porch-floor fast and furiously; gnawed his lip, as was his trick in moments of intense excitement; drew his breath in hot pants like a wild animal thirsting for prey. Hero was led around to the door, a splendid creature, full-blooded and thoroughly trained, stepping high and daintily.

How poor Robert loved that horse! The brother's look was not less fierce in the recollection, but the pat upon arched neck, the word of salutation—"Hero—old fellow!" that accompanied the hand caress were signals of the inward thought.

"He's dreadful skittish now-a-days, Mars' Aleck!" cautioned the hostler, respectfully. "Not a man on this place dars to back him. Pears like he's been bewitched sence he was fetched home from Rock's tarvern! He flung Art'ur three times on de way from dar—as you heerd may-be. Sumthing or somebody's spilt him for good an' all—I'm afeard!"

"He won't throw me! Whoa!"

A spring seated Aleck in the saddle,—the horse bounded forward, and steed and rider swept down the lane with the rush of a whirlwind.

"Thar's a par of 'em!" commented Ben, recovering his breath. "How Mars' Aleck's eyes did snap! Wonder what's crossed him now? I'd rather meet de debbil on de darkest night dat ever shone dan to stan in his way when his blood is up!"

It so happened that the illustrious Gabriel was, at that very moment, sauntering along the middle of the high road, in the direction of Belleview, snuffing in copious draughts of the pleasant air, and enjoying mightily the increasing warmth of the sun's rays upon his back. His mother, the baker of Belleview, had had "poor luck" with her last jug of yeast, and designing, on this day, to repair the misfortune, had, as he discontentedly phrased it "rousted" her hopeful son from his bed at an unconscionably early hour, and dispatched him to a neighboring plantation to borrow from a sister in the profession a small quantity to "raise" the fresh supply. This was the meaning of the small tin-pail—in southern parlance "bucket"—that dangled from Gabriel's hand, and was occasionally whirled dexterously about his head without a drop of its contents being spilled; for the errand boy was an adept in all arts of prestidigitation, that came within the range of his observation and practice.

As he walked he sang, kicking up the loose dirt in the road with his toes; stopping, now and then, in his march, never in his song, to sky a stone at a bird or a bushy evergreen where bird or hare might be hiding.

"In old Kentuck, in de middle of a break,
Dar lives a nigger, an' dey call him Jake:
Aroun' de wood his axe am ringin',
An' dis de song dat he am singin':—
Oh, whar did you come from?
Knock a nigger down!
Oh, whar did you come from?
Knock a nigger down!

"Hi! what dat?"

Ballad and feet were arrested that he might hearken. From afar off came to his ears the long, rapid gallop of a strained or fiery horse, beating loudly upon the softened ground; ringing sharply against the stones.

"Somebody in a hurry soon in de mornin'!" and evidently considering this a ridiculous instance of non-improvement of the rights purchased by early rising, he laughed, and went on in the roundelay:—

"Oh, come, my lub, an' go wid me!
We're gwine for to leave dis back country;
Hoss an' a cart for to tote you roun',
Walk up hill an'—

"Lor! ef 'taint Mars' Aleck!"

There was a level and straight stretch of road before him, and, just entering this vista he descried a horseman bearing rapidly down towards him. Aleck Lay had never spoken unkindly to the boy; on the contrary, the graceless imp had received from both brothers pleasant jests, friendly notice, and donations which were innumerable by his arithmetical powers. There was no conceivable reason why he should fear to encounter either of them, if his conscience were void of offence as was their conduct—yet he stood stock-still for an instant, eyes starting from their sockets, staring at the advancing terror;—then seized, as braver men—aye, and brave armies have been since—by an unreasoning panic, he darted to the road-side fence, scrambled over it, and scampered across the field beyond fast as his legs could carry and fear could drive him.

"Hallo—there! Gabriel! I want to speak to you!" called Aleck, who by this time was near enough to identify the flying figure.

Gabriel ran on the faster, looking over his shoulder to see whether he were followed, and irritated at his contumacy, Aleck put Hero at the fence, cleared it, and galloped over the fallow ground upon the fugitive's track. A race so unequal could not last long.

"Stop! you scoundrel! or I will ride you down!" came so distinctly to the boy's ear, that he again glanced back to calculate his chances for gaining the next and a higher fence.

Not a dozen yards in his rear was his pursuer; his orbs of fire seemed to scorch his sight, even in that brief glimpse; before he could run ten steps further, the horse, whose streaming mane, glaring eye-balls, and open mouth, gave him the aspect of a demon—would be upon him. He yelled with affright and dropped prone upon the earth.

"You young villain!" Aleck leaned from his saddle, and grasping the boy by the collar, dragged him to his feet. "You audacious rascal! what do you mean by running away from me when I order you to stop!"

"Lor' a massy, Mars' Aleck! is it you? I 'clar 'fore gracious I thought 'was an evil! I most skeered out of my senses!" stuttered the victim, affecting the uttermost astonishment.

His captor was in no humor to be amused.

"If I served you right, I would flog you soundly!" he pursued, giving him an admonitory shake, under which Gabriel staggered more than was at all necessary. "You knew me perfectly well before you started to run. If you want to save your bones, tell me the exact truth in answer to the questions I am about to ask you."

"Yes, sar!" Gabriel surveyed the heavy hunting-whip in the rider's hand with an air of serious reflection.

"You brought a letter to Mr. Robert Lay, on Christmas morning. Who sent it?"

"How was I to know, Mars' Aleck?" whimpered the hypocrite, the picture of aggrieved innocence. "I didn't see it wrote."

"Who gave it to you?" Aleck tightened his hold on the collar and raised his whip. "I'm not to be trifled with, boy!"

Gabriel studied the lowering visage above him.

"If you won't tell on me, sir! Dey said dey would kill me, ef I let on a word, an what dey says, dey will do, Mars' Aleck!"

"So will I! you may be sure of that! What did you do with the letter Miss Helen sent by you—which you promised so faithfully to carry safely."

"Wasn't dat de same I gave to Mars' Robert?" letting his under jaw drop, and looking as like a fool as he could.

"I shall have to do it, I see!"

Aleck jumped from his horse and clutched the liar's arm—his mien so full of wrathful determination that the last spark of Gabriel's audacity expired.

"Ef you jes won't, sir, I will tell you all—every single thing!" he begged, quaking with fear. "Marster, he nabbed me in de stable, while I was gettin' de horse ready, an says he, 'gi' me de letter!' an fore I knowed whar I was, Mars' Aleck, he had it in his hand, an says he to daddy, who had come in arter him—'keep him here till I come back!' and he went to de house. Bymeby, here he come, wid anudder letter, or maybe de same—I can't read, you remember, Mars' Aleck—an tells me to ride like fury over to Greenfield an 'liver it, an ef I ever breathed a word of what he said or done he'd make mince-meat of me, and daddy says 'ef you open yer ugly mouth 'bout dis I'll mash it in for you'—an what was a poor feller to do, Mars' Aleck? Miss Helen, she can tell you how bad I felt when she talked to me so kind dat day, an I didn't dar', for my life, to let her know how I had 'ceived her. I'm sure I allers set a deal of store by Miss Helen."

"And that is all you have to say?" interrupted Aleck. "To whom did you give the note Mr. Robert Lay sent back by your hand?"

"To daddy," the boy confessed shamefacedly. "He was waitin' for me at de fur gate, an I dar'sn't say 'no' to him when he speaks his mind. He gi' me orders as how I was to tell Miss Helen dat Mars' Robert hadn't wrote nothin', but jes said 'All's right,' an I stuck to de story, as Miss Helen knows."

"That is all now, is it?" interposed Aleck as before.

"Everything, sir! I clar fore gracious I don't know nothin' besides, and I never told a lie in my born days, only 'cept that once—"

His auditor had other work before him than staying to remind the pattern of juvenile veracity of the array of fibs he had endeavored to palm off upon him five minutes previous to this solemn asseveration. It was not certain that he heard any part of it beyond the first section, for, before it was finished, he was scouring the field, at full speed, towards the highway. Gabriel stood motionless and agape until he saw Hero leap the fence and the centaur-like figure vanish, with meteor swiftness, at a curve in the road.

Then, he remarked with philosophical coolness—

"Dat are horse is done some fox-huntin' in his day, I reckon!" and bethought himself of his pail of yeast.

Not a drop remained in the fallen vessel;—worse than that! Hero had put his iron foot upon it and crushed it—to borrow Gabriel's simile—"flat as a pan-cake," cover and all! Here was a predicament! Explanation of some kind was unavoidable, and a flogging equally inevitable. The only question that remained for his fertile genius to work upon during the melancholy stroll homewards, was, whether the aforesaid flagellation would be lighter if he made a partial confession of the facts in the case, or if he plied his maternal parent with an entirely original version of the accident.

To these perplexing lucubrations we are compelled to leave him, that we may follow the proceedings of a more interesting personage. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER I.

GOING HOME.

The craggy cliffs upon the Norman coast looked something like the terraced walls and turreted roofs of a ruined city in the hot afternoon sunshine, as the Empress steamer sped swiftly onward towards Dieppe. At least they looked thus in the eyes of a very young lady, who stood alone on the deck of the steam-packet, with yearning eyes fixed upon that foreign shore.

It was four o'clock upon a burning August afternoon in the year 1853. The steamer was fast approaching the harbor. Several moustachioed gentlemen, of various ages, costumes, and manners, were busy getting together carpet-bags, railway-rugs, camp-stools, newspapers, and umbrellas, preparatory to that eager rush towards the shore by which almost all marine voyagers are apt to testify their contempt for Neptune, when they have no longer need of his service or fear of his vengeance. Two or three English families were collected in groups, holding guard over small mounds or barrows of luggage, having made all preparation for landing at first sight of the Norman shore dim in the distance; and of course about two hours too soon.

Several blooming young English damsels, gathered under maternal wings, were looking forward to sea-bathing in a foreign watering-place. The Etablissement des Bains had not yet been built, and Dieppe was not so popular, perhaps, among English pleasure-seekers as it now is. There were several comfortable-looking British families on board the steamer, but, of all the friendly matrons and pretty daughters assembled on the deck, there seemed no one in any way connected with that lonely young lady who leant against the bulwark with a cloak across her arm and a rather shabby carpet-bag at her feet.

She was very young—indeed of that age which in the other sex is generally called the period of hobbledehoyhood. There was more ankle to be seen below the hem of her neat muslin frock than is quite consistent with elegance of attire in a young lady of fifteen; but, as the ankle so revealed was rounded and slender, it would have been hypercritical to have objected to the shortness of the skirt, which had evidently been outgrown by its wearer.

Then, again, this lonely traveller was not only young but pretty. In spite of the shortness of her frock, and the shabbiness of her straw bonnet, it was impossible for the most spiteful of the British misses to affirm the contrary. She was very pretty; so pretty that it was a pleasure to look at her, in her unconscious innocence, and to think how beautiful she would be by-and-by, when that bright, budding, girlish loveliness bloomed out in its womanly splendor.

Her skin was fair but pale—not a sentimental or sickly pallor, but a beautiful alabaster clearness of tint. Her eyes were gray, large, and dark, or rendered dark by the shadow of long, black lashes. I would rather not catalogue her other features too minutely; for, though they were regular, and even beautiful, there is something low and material in all the other features as compared to the eyes. Her hair was of a soft, golden brown, bright and rippling like a sunlit river. The brightness of that luxuriant hair, the light in her gray eyes, and the vivacity of a very beautiful smile, made her face seem almost luminous as she looked at you. It was difficult to imagine that she could ever look unhappy. She seemed an animated, radiant, and exuberant creature, who made an atmosphere of brightness and happiness about her. Other girls of her age would have crept to a corner of the deck, perhaps, to hide their loneliness, or would have clung to the outer fringe of one of the family groups, making believe not to be alone; but this young lady had taken her stand boldly against the bulwark, choosing the position from which she might soonest hope to see Dieppe harbor, and apparently quite indifferent to observation, though many a furtive glance was cast towards the tall but girlish figure and the handsome profile so sharply defined against a blue back-ground of summer sky.

But there was nothing unfeminine in all this; nothing bold or defiant; it was only the innocent unconsciousness of a light-hearted girl, ignorant of any perils which could assail her loneliness, and fearless in her ignorance. Throughout the brief sea-voyage she had displayed no symptoms of shyness or perplexity. She had suffered none of the tortures common to many travellers in their marine experiences. She had not been sea-sick; and indeed she did not look like a person who could be subject to any of the common ills this weak flesh inherits. You could almost as easily have pictured to yourself the Goddess Hygeia suffering from a bilious headache, or Hebe laid up with the influenza, as this auburn-haired, gray-eyed young lady under any phase of mortal suffering. Eyes, dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness, had looked almost spitefully towards this happy, radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips, blue with suffering, had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young school-girl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, the hideous, bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag.

She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochet work, whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby, faded flowers, sheltered by a great fan-like shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling-bottle, which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being as fresh and bright from first to last as the sea breezes themselves, and as little subject to any marine malady as the Lurlies whose waving locks could scarcely have been brighter than her own.

I think, if the feminine voyagers on board the Empress were cruel to this solitary young traveller in not making themselves friendly with her in her loneliness, the unkindness must be put down very much to that unchristian frame of mind in which people who are sea-sick are apt to regard those who are not. This bouncing, bright-faced girl seemed to have little need of kindness from the miserable sufferers around her; so she was left to wander about the deck, now reading three pages of her novel, now doing half-a-dozen stitches of her work, now talking to the man at the wheel in spite of all injunctions to the contrary, now making herself acquainted with stray pet dogs; always contented, always happy, and no one troubled themselves about her.

It was only now, when they were nearing Dieppe that one of the passengers, an elderly, gray-headed Englishman, spoke to her.

"You are very anxious to arrive," he said, smiling at her eager face.

"Oh, yes, very anxious, sir. We are nearly there, are we not?"

"Yes, we shall enter the harbor presently. You will have some one to meet you there, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," the young lady answered, lifting her arched brown eyebrows, "not at Dieppe. Papa will meet me at Paris; but he could never come all the way to Dieppe, just to take me back to Paris. He could never afford such an expense as that."

"No, to be sure; and you know no one at Dieppe."

"Oh, no, I don't know any one in all France except papa."

Her face, bright as it was even in repose, was lit up with a new brightness as she spoke of her father.

"You are very fond of your papa, I think," the Englishman said.

"Oh, yes, I love him very, very much.—I have not seen him for more than a year. The journey costs so much between England and France, and I have been at school near London, at Brixton; I dare say you know Brixton; but I am going to France now for good."

"Indeed! You seem very young to leave school."

"But I'm not going to leave school," the young lady answered, eagerly. "I am going to a very expensive school in Paris, to finish my education; and then—"

She paused here, hesitating and blushing a little.

"And then what?"

"I am going to be a governess. Papa is not rich. He has no fortune now."

"He has had a fortune, then?"

"He has had three."

The young lady's gray eyes were lit up with a certain look of triumph as she said this.

"He has been very extravagant, poor dear," she continued, apologetically: "and he has spent three fortunes, altogether.—But he has been always so courted and admired, you know, that it is not to be wondered at. He knew the Prince Regent, and Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Brummel, and the Duke of York, and—oh, all sorts of people, ever so intimately; and he was a member of the Beef-steak Club, and wore a silver gridiron in his button hole, and he is the most delightful man in society, even now, though he is very old."

"Very old! And you are so young."

The Englishman looked almost incredulously at his animated companion.

"Yes, I am papa's youngest child. He has been married twice. I have no real brothers and sisters. I have only half brothers and sisters, who don't really and truly care for me, you know. How should they? They were grown up when I was born, and I have scarcely ever seen them. I have only papa in all the world."

"You have no mother, then?"

"No, mamma died when I was three years old."

The "Empress" packet was entering the harbor by this time. The gray-headed Englishman went away to look after his portmanteaus and hat-boxes, but he returned presently to the fair-haired school-girl.

"Will you let me help you with your luggage," he said. "I will go and look after it if you will tell me for what to inquire."

"You are very kind. I have only one box. It is directed to Miss Vane, Paris."

"Very well, Miss Vane, I will go and find your box. Stay," he said, taking out his card-case, "this is my name, and if you will permit me, I will see you safely to Paris."

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind."

The young lady accepted her new friend's service as frankly as it was offered. He had gray hair, and in that one particular at least resembled her father. That was almost enough to make her like him.

There was the usual confusion and delay at the Custom-house—a little squabbling and a good deal of bribery; but everything was managed, upon the whole, pretty comfortably. Most of the passengers dropped in at the Hotel de l'Europe, or some of the other hotels upon the stony quay; a few hurried off to the market-place to stare at the cathedral church of Saint Jacques, or the great statue of Abraham Duquesne, the rugged sea-king, with broad-brimmed hat and waving plumes, high boots and flowing hair, and to buy peaches and apricots of the noisy market women. Others wandered in the slimy and slippery fish-market, fearfully and wonderingly contemplative of those hideous conger-eels, dog-fish, and other piscatorial monstrosities which seem peculiar to Dieppe. Miss Vane and her companion strolled into the dusty church of Saint Jacques by a little wooden door in a shady nook of the edifice. A few solitary women were kneeling here and there, half-hidden behind their high-backed rush chairs. A fisherman was praying upon the steps of a little chapel, in the solemn obscurity.

"I have never been here before," Miss Vane whispered. "I came by Dover and Calais the last time; but this way is so much cheaper, and I don't mind the long sea voyage a bit. Thank you for bringing me to see this cathedral."

Half an hour after this the two travellers were seated in a first-class carriage, with other railway passengers, French and English, hurrying through the fair Norman landscape.

Miss Vane looked out at the bright hills and woods, the fruitful orchards, and white-roofed cottages, so villa-like, fantastical, and beautiful; and her face brightened with the brightening of the landscape under the hot radiance of the sun. The gray-headed gentleman felt a quiet pleasure in watching that earnest, hopeful, candid face; the gray eyes, illumined with gladness; the parted lips, almost tremulous with delight, as the sunny panorama glided by the open window.

The quiet old bachelor's heart had been won by his companion's frank acceptance of his simple service.

"Another girl of her age would have been as frightened of a masculine stranger as of a wild beast," he thought, "and would have given herself all manner of missish airs; but this young damsel smiles in my face, and trusts me with almost infantile simplicity. I hope her father is a good man. I don't much like that talk of Sheridan and Beau Brummel and the Beefsteak Club. No very good school for fathers, that, I should fancy. I wish her mother had been alive, poor child. I hope she is going to a happy home, and a happy future."

The train stopped at Rouen, and Miss Vane accepted a cup of coffee and some *brioches* from her companion. The red August sunset was melting into gray mistiness by this time, and the first shimmer of the moonlight was silvery on the water as they crossed the Seine and left the lighted city behind them. The gray-headed Englishman fell asleep soon after this, and before long there was a low chorus of snoring, masculine and feminine, audible in the comfortable carriage; only broken now and then, when the train stopped with a jerk at some fantastic village that looked like a collection of Swiss toy cottages in the dim summer night.

But, let these matter-of-fact people snore and slumber as they might, there was no such thing as sleep for Eleanor Vane. It would have been utter sacrilege to have slept in the face of all that moonlighted beauty, to have been carried sleeping through that fairy landscape. The eager school-girl's watchful eyes drank in the loveliness of every hill and valley, the low scattered woodland, the wandering streams, and that perplexing Seine, which the rumbling carriage crossed so often with a dismal hollow sound in the stillness of the night.

No; Miss Vane's bright gray eyes were not closed once in that evening journey; and at last, when the train entered the great Parisian station, when all the trouble and confusion of arrival began—that wearisome encounter of difficulty which makes cowardly travellers wish the longest journey longer than it is—the young lady's head was thrust out of the window, and her eager eyes wandered hither and thither amongst the faces of the crowd.

Yes, he was there—her father. That white-haired old man, with the gold-headed cane, and the aristocratic appearance. She pointed him out eagerly to her fellow-passenger.

"That is papa—you see,—the handsome man. He is coming this way, but he doesn't [illegible] Oh, let me out, please; let me go to him!"

She trembled in her eagerness, and her fair face flushed crimson with excitement. She forgot her carpet-bag, her novel, her crochet, her smelling-bottle, her cloak, her parasol—all her paraphernalia; and left her companion to collect them as best he might. She was out of the carriage and in her father's arms she scarcely knew how. The platform seemed deserted all in a moment, for the passengers had rushed away to a great dreary *salle d'attente*, there to await the inspection of their luggage. Miss Vane, her fellow-traveller, and her father were almost alone, and she was looking up at the old man's face in the lamplight.

"Papa, dear papa, darling, how well you are looking; as well as ever, as well as ever, I think!"

Her father drew himself up proudly. He was past seventy years of age, but he was a very handsome man. His beauty was of that patrician type which loses little by age. He was tall and broad-chested, erect as a Grenadier, but not fat. The Prince Regent might become corpulent, and lay himself open to the insolent sneers of his sometime boon companion and friend; but Mr. George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane held himself on his guard against that insidious foe which steals away the graces of so many elderly gentlemen. Mr. Vane's aristocratic bearing imparted such a stamp to his clothes, that it was not easy to see the shabbiness of his garments; but those garments were shabby; carefully as they had been brushed, they bore the traces of that slow decay which is not to be entirely concealed, whatever the art of the wearer.

Miss Vane's travelling companion saw all this. He had been so much interested by the young lady's frank and fearless manner, that he would fain have lingered in the hope of learning something of her father's character, but he felt that he had no excuse for delaying his departure.

"I will wish you good-night, now, Miss Vane," he said, kindly, "since you are safely restored to your papa."

Mr. Vane lifted his gray eyebrows, looked at his daughter interrogatively; rather suspiciously, the traveller thought.

"Oh, papa, dear," the young lady answered, in reply to that questioning look, "this gentleman was on board the boat with me, and he has been so very kind.

She searched in her pocket for the card which her acquaintance had given her, and produced that document, rather limp and crumbled. Her father looked at it, murmured the name inscribed upon it twice or thrice, as if trying to attach some importance thereto, but evidently failed in doing so.

"I have not the honor of—a—haw—knowing this name, sir," he said, lifting his hat stiffly about half a yard from his silvered head; "but for your courtesy and kindness to my child, I hope you will accept my best thanks. I was prevented by important business of—a—haw—not altogether undiplomatic character—from crossing the Channel to fetch my daughter; and—aw—also—prevented from sending my servant—by—aw—I thank you for your politeness, sir. You are a stranger, by the way. Can I do anything for you in Paris? Lord Cowley is my very old friend; any service that I can render you in that quarter—I—"

The traveller bowed and smiled.

"Thank you very much," he said, "I am no stranger in Paris. I will wish you good-night; good-night, Miss Vane."

But Mr. Vane was not going to let his daughter's friend off so easily. He produced his card-case, murmured more pompous assurances of his gratitude, and tendered further offers of patronage to the quiet traveller, who found something rather oppressive in Mr. Vane's civility. But it was all over at last, and the old man led his daughter off to look for the trunk which contained all her worldly possessions.

The stranger looked wistfully after the father and child.

"I hope she may have a happy future," he thought, rather despondingly; "the old man is poor and pompous. He tells lies which bring hot blushes into his daughter's beautiful face. I am very sorry for her."

CHAPTER II.

THE ENTRESOL IN THE RUE L'ARCHEVEQUE.

Mr. Vane took his daughter away from the station in one of those secondary and cheaper vehicles which are distinguished by the discriminating Parisian by some mysterious difference of badge. The close, stifling carriage rattled over the uneven stones of long streets which were unfamiliar to Eleanor Vane, until it emerged into the full glory of the lighted Boulevard. The light-hearted school girl could not suppress a cry of rapture as she looked once more at the broad thoroughfare, the dazzling lamps, the crowd, the theatres, the cafes, the beauty and splendor, although she had spent her summer holiday in Paris only a year before.

"It seems so beautiful again, papa," she said, "just as if I'd never seen it before; and I'm to stop here now, and never, never to leave you again, to go away for such a cruel distance. You don't know how unhappy I've been sometimes, papa, dear. I wouldn't tell you then, for fear of making you uneasy; but I can tell you now, now that it's all over."

"Unhappy!" gasped the old man, clenching his fist, "they've not been unkind to you—they've not dared—"

"Oh, no, dearest father. They've been very, very good. I was quite a favorite, papa. Yes, though there were so many rich girls in the school, and I was only a half-boarder, I was quite a favorite with Miss Bennett and Miss Lavinia; though I know I was careless and lazy sometimes, not on purpose, you know, papa, for I tried hard to get on with my education, for your sake, darling. No, everybody was very kind to me, papa; but I used to think sometimes how *far* I was from you; what miles and miles and miles of sea and land there were between us, and that if you should be ill—I—"

Eleanor Vane broke down, and her father clasped her in his arms, and cried over her silently. The tears came with very little provocation to the old man's handsome blue eyes. He was of that sanguine temperament which to the last preserves the fondest delusions of youth. At seventy-five years of age he hoped and dreamed and deluded himself as foolishly as he had done at seventeen. His sanguine temperament had been for ever leading him astray for more than sixty years. Severe judges called George Vane a liar; but perhaps his shallow romances, his pitiful boasts, were very often highly-colored versions of the truth, rather than actual falsehood.

It was past twelve o'clock when the carriage drove away from the lights and splendor into the darkness of a labyrinth of quiet streets behind the Madeleine. The Rue l'Archeveque was one of these dingy and quiet streets, very narrow, very close and stifling in the hot August midnight. The vehicle stopped abruptly at a corner, before a little shop, the shutters of which were closed, of course, at this hour.

"It is a butcher's shop, I am sorry to say, my love," Mr. Vane said, apologetically, as he handed his daughter on to the pavement; "but I find myself very comfortable here, and it is conveniently adjacent to the Boulevards."

The old man paid the driver, who had deposited mademoiselle's box upon the threshold of the little door beside the butcher's shop. The *pour-boire* was not a very large one, but Mr. Vane bestowed it with the air of a prince. He pushed open the low door, and took his daughter into a narrow passage. There was no porter or portress, for the butcher's shop and the apartments belonging to it were abnormal altogether; but there was a candle and a box of matches on a shelf in a corner of the steep corkscrew staircase. The driver carried Eleanor's box as far as the entresol in consideration of his *pour-boire*, but departed while Mr. Vane was opening the door of an apartment facing the staircase.

The entresol consisted of three little rooms, opening one out of another, and so small and low that Miss Vane almost fancied herself in a doll's house. Every article of furniture in the stifling little apartment bore the impress of its nationality. Tawdry curtains of figured damask, resplendent with dirty tulips and monster roses, tarnished ormolu mouldings, a gilded clock with a cracked dial and a broken shade, a pair of rickety bronze candlesticks, a couple of uncompromising chairs covered with dusty green velvet and relieved by brass-headed nails, and a square table with a long trailing cover of the same material as the curtains completed the adornments of the sitting-room. The bed-chambers were smaller, closer, and hotter. Voluminous worsted curtains falling before the narrow windows, and smothering the little beds, made the stifling atmosphere yet more stifling. The low ceilings seemed to rest on the top of poor Eleanor's head. She had been accustomed to large, airy rooms and broad, uncurtained open windows.

"How hot it is here, papa," she said, drawing a long breath.

"It always is hot in Paris at this time of year, my dear," Mr. Vane answered; "the rooms are small you see, but convenient. That is to be your bed-room, my love," he added, indicating one of the little chambers.

He was evidently habituated to Parisian lodging houses, and saw no discomfort in the tawdry grandeur, the shabby splendor, the pitiful attempt to substitute scraps of gilding and patches of velvet for the common necessaries and decencies of life.

"And now let me look at you, my dear; let me look at you, Eleanor."

George Mowbray Vane set the candlestick upon the rusty velvet cover of the low mantelpiece, and drew his daughter towards him. She had thrown off her bonnet and loose gray cloak, and stood before her father in her scanty muslin frock with all her auburn hair hanging about her face and shoulders, and glittering in the dim light of that one scrap of wax candle.

"My pet, how beautiful you have grown, how beautiful!" the old man said, with an accent of fond tenderness. "We'll teach Mrs. Bannister a lesson some of these days, Eleanor. Yes, *our* turn will come, my love; I know that I shall die a rich man."

Miss Vane was accustomed to hear this remark from her father. She inherited something of his sanguine nature, and she loved him very dearly, so she may be forgiven if she believed in his vague visions of future grandeur. She had never seen anything in her life but chaotic wrecks of departed splendor, confusion, debt, and difficulty. She had not been called upon to face poverty in the their hand-to-hand struggle which ennobles and elevates the sturdy wrestler in the battle of life. No, she had rather been compelled to play at hide-and-seek with the grim enemy. She had never gone out into the open, and looked her foe full in the eyes, hardy, resolute, patient, and steadfast. She was familiar with all those debasing tricks and pitiful subterfuges whereby the weak and faint-hearted seek to circumvent the enemy; but she had never been taught the use of those measures by which he may be honestly beaten.

The Mrs. Bannister of whom George Vane had spoken, was one of his elder daughters, who had been very, very ungrateful to him, he declared, and who now in his old age doled him out the pitiful allowance which enabled him to occupy an entresol over a butcher's shop, and dine daily at one of the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal.

Mr. Vane was wont to lament his daughter's cruel lack of affection in very bitter language, freely interspersed with quotations from "King Lear:" indeed I believe he considered his case entirely parallel with that of the injured British monarch and father; ignoring the one rather important fact that, whereas Lear's folly had been the too generous division of his own fortune between his recreant daughters, *his* weakness had been the reckless waste and expenditure of the portions which his children had inherited from their mother.

Mrs. Bannister, instigated thereto by her husband, had protested some years before against the several acts of folly and extravagance by which the fortune which ought to have been hers had been fooled away. She declined to allow her father more than the pittance alluded to above, although, as she was now a rich widow, and of course entirely her own mistress, she might have done much more.

"Yes, my darling," Mr. Vane said, as he proudly contemplated his youngest child's beauty, "we will turn the tables upon Mrs. Bannister and the rest of them, yet, please God. My Benjamin, my youngest, brightest darling, we'll teach them a lesson. They may poke their old father away in a foreign lodging, and stint him of money for any little innocent pleasure; but the day will come, my love, the day will come."

The old man nodded his head two or three times with solemn significance. I don't think his daughter had the remotest idea what vision it was that lured him onward through all present miseries, cheating him with some shadowy hope, far away in the future. I think that even he could scarcely have explained what it was he looked forward to in the day that was to come; but the sanguine, impulsive nature, dwarfed and fettered by the cruel bonds of poverty, was too elastic to be entirely repressed even by those galling chains: and having hoped all his life, and having enjoyed such successes and good fortune as fall to the lot of very few men, he went on hoping in his old age, blindly confident that some unlooked-for and undreamed-of revolution in the wheel of life would lift him out of his obscurity and set him again on the pinnacle he had once occupied so proudly.

He had had a host of friends and many children, and he had squandered more than one fortune, not being any more careful of other people's money than of his own; and now, in his poverty and desolation, the child of his old age was the only one who clung to him and loved him and believed in him; the only one whom he loved, perhaps, truly and unreservedly, though he wept frequently over the ingratitude of the others. It may be that Eleanor was the only one whom he could love with any comfort to himself, because the only one he had never injured.

"But, papa, dear," this youngest and best loved of the old man's children pleaded gently, "Mrs. Bannister, Hortensia, has been very good—has she not?—in sending the money for my education at Madame Marly's, where she was finished herself. That was very generous of her, wasn't it, papa?"

Mr. Vane shook his head, and lifted his gray eyebrows with a deprecating expression.

"Hortensia Bannister cannot perform a generous act in a generous manner, my dear. You recognize the viper by the reptile's sting: you may recognize Hortensia in pretty much the same manner. She gives, but she insults the recipients of her—ahem—bounty. Shall I read you her letter, Eleanor?"

"If you please, dear papa."

The young lady had seated herself, in a somewhat hoydenish manner, upon the elbow of her father's chair, and had wound her soft round arm about his neck. She loved him and believed in him. The world which had courted and admired him while he had money and could boast such acquaintance as the Prince and Sheridan, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Pitt, and the Duke of York, had fallen away from him of late; and the few old associates who yet remained of that dead-and-gone cycle were apt to avoid him, influenced, perhaps, by the recollection of small loans of an occasional five pound note, and "a little silver," which had not been repaid. Yes, the world had fallen away from George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane, once of Vandeleur Park, Cheshire, and Mowbray Castle, near York. The tradesmen who had helped to squander his money had let him get very deep in their books before they closed those cruel ledgers, and stopped all supplies. He had existed for a long time—he had lived as a gentleman, he said himself—upon the traditions of the past, the airy memories of the fortunes he had wasted. But this was all over now, and he had emigrated to the city in which he had played the Grand Seigneur in those glorious early days of the Restoration, and he was compelled to lead a low and vulgar life, disgracing himself by pettifogging ready-money dealings, utterly degrading to a gentleman.

He could not bring himself to own that he was better and happier in this new life, and that it was pleasant to be able to walk erect and defiant upon the Boulevards, rather than to be compelled to plunge down dark alleys, and dive into sinuous byways, for the avoidance of importunate creditors, as he had been in free England.

He took his wealthy daughter's letter from the breast-pocket of his coat; a fashionable coat, though shabby now, for it had been made for him by a sentimental German tailor, who had wept over his late patron's altered fortunes, and given him credit for a suit of clothes. That compassionate German tailor never expected to be paid; and the clothes were a benefaction, a gift as purely and generously given as any Christian dole offered in the holy name of charity—but Mr. Vane was pleased with the fiction of an expected payment, and would have revolted against the idea of receiving a present from the good natured tradesman.

The letter from Hortensia Bannister was not a long one. It was written in sharp and decisive paragraphs, and in a neat, firm hand. Rather a cruel-looking hand, Eleanor Vane thought.

The old man put a double gold eye-glass over his nose, and began to read:

"*Hyde Park Gardens, August 13, 1858.*

"MY DEAR FATHER—In compliance with your repeated solicitations I have determined upon taking measures by which I hope the future welfare of your youngest daughter may be secured.

"I must, however, remind you that Eleanor Vane and I are the children of different mothers; that she has therefore less claim upon me than a sister usually has; and I freely confess I never heard of one sister being called upon to provide for another.

"You must also remember that I never entertained any degree of friendship or affection for Eleanor's mother, who was much below you in station—"

Eleanor started; she was too impetuous to listen quite passively to this letter. Her father felt the sudden movement of the arm about his neck.

"Your mother was an angel, my dear," he said; "and this woman is—never mind what. My daughters chose to give themselves airs to your poor mother because she had been their governess, and because her father had failed as a sugar-broker."

He went back to the letter, groping nervously for the place at which he had left off, with the point of his well shaped finger—

"And who also was the indirect cause of injury to myself and my sisters, as she participated in the extravagant expenditure, of at least some part of the money which by every legal and moral claim belonged to us.

"But you tell me that you have no power to make any provision whatsoever for your daughter; and that, unless I assist you, this unhappy girl may, in the event of your death, be flung penniless upon the world, imperfectly educated, and totally incompetent to get her living."

"She speaks of my death very freely," the old man murmured, "but she's right enough. I shan't trouble anybody long, my dear; I shan't trouble anybody long."

The tender arms wound themselves more closely about George Vane's neck.

"Papa, darling," the soft voice whispered, "you have never troubled *me*. Don't go on with that horrid letter, papa. We won't accept any favors from such a woman."

"Yes, yes, my love, for your sake; if I stoop, it is for your sake, Eleanor."

The old man went on reading.

"Under these circumstances," the writer continued, "I have come to the following determination. I will give you a hundred pounds to be paid to Madame Marly, who knows you, and has received a great deal of money from you for my education and that of my sisters, and who will, therefore, be inclined to receive Eleanor upon advantageous terms. For this sum of money Madame Marly will, I feel assured, consent to prepare my half sister for the situation of governess in a gentleman's family; that is, of course, premising that Eleanor has availed herself conscientiously of the advantages afforded her by her residence with the Misses Bennett.

"I shall write to Madame Marly by this post, using my best influence with her for Eleanor's benefit; and, should I receive a favorable reply to this letter, I will immediately send you a hundred pounds, to be paid by you to Madame Marly.

"I do this in order that you may not appear to my old instructress—who remembers you as a rich man—in the position of a pauper; but in thus attempting to spare your feelings, and perhaps my own, I fear that I run some risk.

"Let me therefore warn you that this money is the last I will ever pay for my half-sister's benefit. Squander or misuse it if you please. You have robbed me often, and would not perhaps hesitate to do so again. But bear in mind, that this time it is Eleanor you will rob and not me.

"The only chance she will have of completing her education is the chance I now give her. Rob her of this and you rob her of an honorable future. Deprive her of this and you make yourself answerable for any misfortunes which may befall her when you are dead and gone.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, or even undutifully; my excuse lies in your past follies. I have spoken strongly because I wished to make a strong impression, and I believe that I have acted for the best.

"Once for all, remember that I will attend to no future solicitations on Eleanor's behalf. If she makes good use of the help I now afford her, I may perhaps be tempted to render her further services—unsolicited—in the future. If she or you make a bad use of this one chance, I wash my hands of all concern in your future miseries.

"The money will be made payable at Messrs. Blount's, Rue de la Paix.

"I trust you attend the Protestant Church in the Rue Rivoli.

"With best wishes for your welfare, temporal and eternal,

"I remain, my dear father,
"Your affectionate daughter,
"HORTENSIA BANNISTER."

George Vane burst into tears as he finished the letter. How cruelly she had stabbed him, this honorable, conscientious daughter, whom he had robbed certainly, but in a generous, magnanimous, reckless fashion, that made robbery rather a princely virtue than a sordid vice. How cruelly the old heart was lacerated by that bitter letter!

"As if I would touch the money," cried Mr. Vane, elevating his trembling hands to the low ceiling with a passionate and tragic gesture. "Have I been such a wretch to you, Eleanor, that this woman should accuse me of wishing to snatch the bread from your innocent lips?"

"Papa, papa!"

"Have I been such an unnatural father, such a traitor, liar, swindler, and cheat, that my own daughter should say these things to me?"

His voice rose higher with each sentence, and the tears streamed down his wrinkled cheeks.

Eleanor tried to kiss away those tears, but he pushed her from him with passionate vehemence.

"Go away from me, my child, I am a wretch, a robber, a scoundrel, a—"

"No, no, no, papa," cried Eleanor, "you are all that is good, you have always been good to me, dear, dear papa."

"By what right then does this woman insult me with such a letter as that?" asked the old man, drying his eyes, and pointing to the crumpled letter which he had flung upon the ground.

"She has no right, papa," answered Eleanor. "She is a wicked, cruel woman. But we'll send back her money. I'd rather go out into the world at once, papa, and work for you: I'd rather be a dressmaker. I could learn soon if I tried very hard. I do know a little about dressmaking. I made this dress, and it fits very well, only I cut out both the backs for one side, and both sleeves for one arm, and that wasted the stuff, you know, and made the skirt a little scanty. I'd rather do anything, papa, than accept this money,—I would, indeed. I don't want to go to this grand Parisian school, except to be near you, papa, darling. That was the only thing I ever cared for.—The Miss Bennetts would take me as a pupil teacher, and give me fifteen pounds a-year, and I'd send every shilling of it to you, papa, and then you needn't live over a wretched shop where the meat smells nasty in the warm weather. We won't take the money, will we, papa?"

The old man shook his head, and made a motion with his lips and throat, as if he had been gulping down some bitter draught.

"Yes, my dear," he said, in a tone of ineffable resignation, "for your sake I would suffer many humiliations; for your sake I will endure this. We we will take no notice of this woman's letter; though I could write her a reply that—but no matter. We will let her insolence pass, and she shall never know how keenly it has stung me, here, here!"

He tapped his breast as he spoke, and the tears rose again to his eyes.

"We will accept this money, Eleanor," he continued, "we will accept her bounty; and the day may come when we will have ample power to retaliate—ample power, my dear. She has called me a thief, Eleanor," exclaimed the old man, suddenly returning to his own wrongs,—"a thief! My own daughter has called me a thief, and accused me of the baseness of robbing you."

"Papa, papa, darling!"

"As if your father could rob you of this money, Eleanor; as if I could touch a penny of it. No, so help me Heaven! not a penny of it to save me from starving."

His head sank forward upon his breast, and he sat for some minutes muttering to himself in broken sentences, as if almost unconscious of his daughter's presence. In that time he looked older than he had looked at any moment since his daughter had met him at the station. Looking at him now, wistfully and sorrowfully, Eleanor Vane saw that her father was indeed an old man, vacillating and weak of purpose, and with ample need of all the compassionate tenderness, the fond affection which overflowed her girlish heart as she looked at him. She knelt down on the slippery [illegible] floor at his feet, and took his tremulous hand in both of hers.

He started as she touched him, and looked at her.

"My darling," he cried, "you've had nothing to eat; you've been nearly an hour in the house, and you've had nothing to eat. But I've not forgotten you, Nell, you'll find I've not forgotten you."

He rose from his chair, and went over to a buffet, from which he took a couple of plates and tumblers, some knives and forks, and two or three parcels wrapped in white paper, and neatly tied with narrow red tape. He put these on the table, and going a second time to the buffet produced a pint bottle of claret, in a basket; very dusty and cobwebby; and therefore, no doubt, very choice.

The white paper parcels contained very recherche comestibles. A slender wedge of truffled turkey, some semi-transparent slices of German sausage, and an open plum tart, with a great deal of rich, ruby-colored syrup, and an utterly uneatable crust.

Miss Vane partook very freely of this little collation, praising her father for his goodness and indulgence as she eat the simple feast he had prepared for her. But she did not like the Burgundy in the dusty basket, and preferred to drink some water out of one of the toilette bottles.

Her father, however, enjoyed the pint of good wine, and recovered his equanimity under its generous influence. He had never been a drunkard; he had indeed one of those excitable natures which cannot endure the influence of strong drinks, and a very little wine had considerable effect upon him.

He talked a good deal, therefore to his daughter, told her some of his delusive hopes in the future, tried to explain some of the plans which he had formed for his and her advancement, and was altogether very happy and social. The look of age which had been so strong upon him half an hour before faded out like a gray morning shadow under the broadening sunlight. He was a young man again, proud, hopeful, defiant, handsome, ready to run through three more fortunes, if they should fall to his lot.

It was past two o'clock when Eleanor Vane lay down, thoroughly exhausted, but not weary—she had one of those natures which seem never to grow weary—to fall asleep for the first time in four-and-twenty hours.

Her father did not quite so quickly fall into a peaceful slumber. He lay awake for upwards of an hour, tumbling and tossing to and fro upon the narrow spring mattress, and muttering to himself.

And even in his sleep, though the early summer dawn was gray in the room when he fell into a fitful and broken slumber, the trouble of his eldest daughter's letter was heavy upon him, for every now and then he muttered, disjointedly—

"Thief—swindler. As if—as if—I would—rob—my own daughter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAR A HOUSE OF VERMIN.—"Burleigh," of the Boston Journal, says:—"I tell you, ladies, a secret that may be worth your knowing—a new remedy to clear a house of roaches and vermin has been found. So complete is the remedy, that men offer to rid premises of all these pestilential nuisances by contract. The article is sold under the name of French Green, and other high sounding names, at quite a high price, but the article, in plain English, is common green paint, in powder. Six cents' worth used about any house, 'will clear the kitchen,' and all its surroundings."

TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.—At any time when the hens cannot hunt bugs and worms to supply their demands for meat food, they should have bits of chopped liver or even boiled beef; but raw, fresh meat is best, fed with their corn or other grain. A lady in Trumbull county, who always has plenty of eggs from her hens in winter, told us the other day, that all she had to do to make the hens do their duty in winter was to give them a feed of roasted corn once in a while. If her hens became negligent of the demands of the kitchen, she shells a baking tin full of corn, and sets it in the stove to brown, (not parch;) a feed of this does the job for the hens.—*Ohio Farmer.*

CURE FOR BRONCHITIS.—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives the following recipe for the cure of this troublesome complaint:—"Take common mullein leaves, dry and rub fine, and smoke them three or four times a day in a new pipe, taking care to draw the smoke well into the throat. The pipe should be one in which tobacco has not been used.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A CHEAP AND NEW RECIPE FOR MAKING CALVES' FEET JELLY.—Take half a paper of Coxe's Gelatin: dissolve it in 1 pint water. Let it stand 20 minutes. Put into a preserving pan 1 quart water, 1 stick of cinnamon, and ½ pound white sugar. Meanwhile, squeeze 3 oranges and 3 lemons, add water enough to make 1 pint of juice in all. Put this into the syrup, and let all boil 5 minutes. Then pour the whole through a fine, thin muslin bag, and stand it in a cold place. If the weather be warm, place ice around it.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The Day of the Marriage.

LONDON, March 11, 1863.—Tuesday was the day set apart for the marriage ceremony, and Windsor was alive from an early hour. Though the accommodations for London sightseers provided at Windsor was but limited, not above two thousand at the outside having admission to the castle and chapel, still the pressure on the railways was sufficient to render it necessary to provide extra express trains, and these were filled to suffocation. On reaching the southwestern station at Windsor the visitor found the quaint streets of the quiet little borough already overflowing with loyal crowds; every one, from highest to humblest, wearing some tokens of the day, from the most elaborate favors, gay with gold and silver and embroidery; the plumes of Wales and the white cross of Denmark conspicuous above all other emblems, down to penny bunches of artificial white roses, or a few inches of cheap white ribbon. The setting of these groups was in festive-keeping. The picturesque old place seemed to have burst into greenery and blossoming. The Old World houses hid their warped and wrinkled fronts under gay devices, in which evergreens did more effectively the duty for which Londoners are fain to press drugget and calico into service. Mottoes of good omen flaunted from every window, or stretched across the houses in colored lamps, waiting the darkness.

The Scene at the Chapel.

When the chapel in the castle was opened, the seats were rapidly filled by the privileged set. "The Marchioness of Carmarthen," says one reporter, "is the first peeress to arrive, and she is well qualified by her perfect beauty to bear the brunt of the numerous eyes and opera-glasses which play upon her. She is soon followed by the Countess de Grey, then the Countess of Mornington and (cynosures of all eyes, the splendor of her blue silk dress and the glitter of her diamonds toned down by her clouds of costly lace) Lady Spencer. The benches shortly filled with ladies scarcely less lovely than these worthy *avant couriers*. The Countess of Derby is for some time the solitary occupant of the Garter Stalls.

She is soon followed by the Marchioness of Westminster, the Countess of Clarendon, the Countess of Shaftesbury, and the Duchess of Somerset, once the queen of beauty of the Eglinton tournament, now the loveliest of full-blown British matrons. The Countess of Clarendon wisely puts the time to profit by sketching the scene. More peeresses, young and old; the young sweeping in on the arms of the gentlemen ushers, and showing much management of crinoline as they insinuate themselves along avenues and into seats planned in days of less swelling drapery; the elder ones comfortably cloaked and shawled, and bustling into their places with the air of women who know how to make themselves comfortable under all circumstances.

The Several Processions.

But soon they are all absorbed in an advancing column. It is the prelates and the clergy, the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, with the Bishop of Chester, the Bishop of London, the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, in their blue robes, as Prelate and Chancellor, and the Dean of Windsor, in his scarlet robes, as Registrar of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and lastly, the Canons and Minor Canons of the Foundation. The surpliced and hooded and robed clergyman took their seats within the altar rails.

Another procession files in (headed, this time, with the pomp of heralds in tabards stiff with quarterings), the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, well known faces most of them, and old historic names not a few of them:—Somerset and Salisbury, Westminster and Clarendon, Camden and Devonshire, Newcastle and Fitzwilliam, Carlisle and Palmerston, Wellington and Russell, Harrowby and Abercorn, Normanby and Buccleuch.

The Queen and Her Party.

And now there is a movement of all eyes up to the southeast corner of the chapel. There is a figure in black, in widow's weeds, in the corner of the royal closet. It needs not the broad blue ribbon of the Garter across her shoulder and the silver star of India on the breast to tell us that it is the Queen. She takes in the scene below with a quiet, dignified, unhurried look, and then eagerly watches the train which her position commands through the choir door along the nave.

From the organ gallery we can catch a glance at the train as it sweeps from the west door, headed by the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, shawled and turbaned, and looking like a bird of paradise in his golden garments, which yet are distinguished by that absence of glare and tawdriness which marks the good taste of the East. Next comes a flush of uniforms, green and blue, and white and cherry color, starred with ratchats and barred with ribbons, manyhued as to cuff and facing, but all of the severe continental cut; their Royal and Serene Highnesses of Saxe-Weimar and Leiningen, Holstein, Glucksburg and Saxe-Coburg, Flanders and Hesse-Cassel.

Their Royal Highnesses William and Frederick of Denmark, brothers of the bride, handsome and manly-looking youths, are most observed of this group; but attention soon passes from them to the royal ladies, superb in diamonds and stately sweeping trains of moire or velvet, chiefly in shades of mauve, violet and purple, and flounced or richly brocaded with lace, of which even at this distance we can distinguish the beauty and preciousness. The Princess Christian of Denmark, the young matron, fair mother of a fairer daughter, leads in either hand the young sisters of the bride of to-day, who look around them with delight at a splendor which must be almost as startling to their young minds as the magnificent popular welcome of last week.

The Royal Suite.

Heralded by drums and trumpets, whose blare and beat die away as the procession reaches the choir, to give place to the majestic jubilant harmony of Beethoven's "Triumphal March," appear a number of officers of state. Then comes the stately form and regal beauty of the Princess Mary. Her purple train is borne up by the Lady Edith Somerset. All note the grace of her inclination as she bends her head in respect to the Queen, when well within the choir. She is followed by her mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, whose train is borne by the Lady Geraldine Somerset. And then, touching all hearts, come the children of the Queen, little fair-haired Princess Beatrice, led by her graceful sisters, Princess Helena and Louisa, and little Leopold and Arthur, hand-in-hand in Highland dress, looking about them with the happy unconstrainedness of childhood.

No wonder the Queen's heart, already moved perhaps by the noble music of Beethoven, is sadly stirred at the sight of these fatherless ones, and that for the first time since she has entered her closet a visible trace of sorrow is observable on that firmly sustained face. The shadow is lighted up again by a smile of motherly greeting as the fair young Princess of Hesse advances in her yet tender and innocent beauty by the side of her husband, Prince Louis, with her train bearer and attendant, followed at as short an interval as her trailing train of purple velvet will allow, by the Princess Royal of Prussia, leading her fair-haired little son, in Highland garb, like his little English uncles. Her train of velvet, covered with magnificent lace, and bordered with ermine, is borne by the Countess of Bruhl, and the procession is concluded by the royal suite.

Entrance of the Happy Pair.

Again the notes of drums and trumpets swell into the stately sounds of the royal bands, and the organ thundering out Mendelssohn's March from *Athalia*, the youthful bridegroom enters the choir, and bows deeply to the Queen. He wears the robes of the Garter, over a general's uniform, and is supported by his brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, who outshines all the foreign royalty and nobility of the show, in his free and gallant bearing, and in the manly beauty of his bronzed face. The Prince has taken his seat on the *haut pas*, with his supporters a little behind them. He has answered his mother's smile of recognition with a smile.

As he sits, it is easy to see, by the frequent turn of his head, and his glances towards the nave, that he, like all others, is impatient for her who is to come next, the crown and flower of this array of rank and splendor. He has not long to wait. It wants a quarter to one when again the sound of drum and trumpets has passed into the nave, and a hum of expectation makes itself audible, and to the massive strains of Handel's march from "Joseph" comes the procession of the bride. Pale in her maiden modesty, under the light shade of the bridal wreath and the cloud of her white veil, her bridal nosegay of white azaleas and lilies of the valley, the Princess Alexandra moves along, and pausing, makes her respectful reverence to the Queen; she takes her seat in front of the altar, and then uprises the Chorale, the composition of the Prince Consort:—

> "This day, with joyful heart and voice,
> To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer;
> Almighty Father, deign to grant
> Thy blessing to the wedded pair;
> So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
> The sunshine of their earthly days,
> But happiness, in endless round,
> Shall still encompass all their ways!"

Distinguishable among all the voices of the singers is the wonderful organ of Jenny Lind.—

The Dress of the Bride and her Maids.

The *London Times* thus describes the dress of the bride and her maids:—

On these occasions, we believe, the dress of the bride ranks in general estimation as only second in importance to the celebration of the ceremony itself, which is to be regretted, for a lady's dress, like a lady's beauty, can only be described by its effect. It is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight boddice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection. Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses.

The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long programme of this happy day are all the daughters of Dukes, Marquises, or Earls, whose titles are almost as familiar as the names of our kings of old. They were Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleugh; Lady Theodora Grosvenor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans; Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Listowell; Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandrina Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Cawdor; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Ernestine Emma Horatia Mount Edgecumbe, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, and Lady Feodorowna Cecilia Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley.

It is quite superfluous to say how they looked, as, robed in snowy white, and wrapped in veils, they followed their royal mistress with soft footsteps, though, as they were not going to be married, they seemed to think themselves relieved from the necessity of looking on the ground, and glanced about and turned to one and another, and made believe to look as if they did not know and hear that they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, even behind such a lady in such a scene as this. Imagination must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them. Their dresses were all of white; a wonderful mixture of silk and lace that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, as partly wrapped in long soft veils they passed as noiselessly as a vision which cannot be forgotten or described.

The Marriage Ceremony.

As the solemn chant ended, the Prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate commenced the service with the usual formulary, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

There is a solemn pause after that adjuration, in which they are charged to answer if there was any impediment to their marriage, and then, after a moment, the Primate passed on to "Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live."

To this the Prince rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Marie, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible, but nothing more, though, as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words—"I take thee, Alexandra, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth," the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his Grace, though now, again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question "Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man," the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved toward the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Primate joined their hands, and in a clear, soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words:—"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Then they rose, while the Primate joined their hands and said the final words:—"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The bride and bridegroom next joined hands, and, turning to the Queen, gave more a nod of friendly friendship than a bow of state, which the Queen returned in kind. In another minute, the Queen, giving a similar greeting to the Princess, quitted the closet, and the whole pageant went pouring in a gorgeous stream or flood of colors, of waving plumes and flaming jewels, out of the choir.—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.*

NEWS ITEMS.

PETROLEUM.—Professor Rogers attributes the petroleum of the oil wells to the distillation of the bitumin us coal. He stated that "the subterranean heat which converted the bituminous into anthracite coal, had the effect of distilling from that coal the rock oil or petroleum of commerce, which, creeping into the fissures of the strata and impregnating the porous sandstones, remained collected as it were, in vast underground tanks for the use of the present generation." The theory of Professor Rogers respecting the sources of American Petroleum is different from that of most geologists.

A PATIENT HARD TO KILL.—A woman named Green, living in the village of Titchfield, England, has just been compelled by an adverse jury to pay more than five hundred dollars for the physic furnished by her doctor. It came out on the trial that she had taken 2 677 doses, none of which had done her any good. Whereupon the presiding judge, Baron Brammell, remarked, "he would really recommend the defendant in future to buy her physic in the wood!"

WHAT HE CHEWS AND WHAT IT COSTS.—If a man during fifty years, chews every day two inches of solid plug tobacco (and millions do it) it will amount at the end of that time to nine thousand three hundred and sixty six feet, or a mile and a quarter of tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, and will cost $1,500.

THE Great Eastern, which has been undergoing repairs in England recently, was to leave Liverpool for New York on the 21st inst. The vessel, it is said, will be permanently placed in the trade between Liverpool and New York.

WEIGHT OF A BUSHEL.—A bill has passed both branches of the Ohio State Legislature, and now only lacks the signatures of the presiding officers of the two houses to become law, which fixes the weight of a bushel of clover seed at 62 pounds, and of oats at 33 pounds.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little demand for Flour; sales reach about 7000 bbls, mostly in small lots, at $5,87½@6,50 for common and choice superfine, $6 50@7 for extra, and $7@7,75 for North-Western and good and choice Ohio and Pennsylvania extra family. The sales to the trade are also limited within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $8 to $9 ℘ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull and lower, 500 bbls, mostly good brands, sold at $4,75 ℘ bbl, at which rate is freely offered. Corn Meal continues dull at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4,60 ℘ bbl for Brandywine; we hear of no sales of either.

GRAIN comes in slowly and the demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and fully 5c ℘ bus lower, with sales of some 35,000 bus at $1,50@1,67 for fair to good and choice Pennsylvania reds, white ranges at from $1,75 to $1,90 as in quality, with sales of choice Kentucky at the highest figure. Rye is scarce, with small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at $1@1,08. Corn is steady, with more activity in the demand, and sales reach some 50,000 bus at 88@89c for yellow, and white at 91@92c. Oats are better and very active, with sales of 48,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, at 50c measure, and 80c weight. Barley is firm, with sales of 10,000 bus prime Western at $1,55@1,56, and Barley Malt at $1,60@1,65.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for bbl meats, and we quote Mess Pork at $15@16 for new. Beef is steady at $12@15, the latter for city packed Mess. Beef Hams are held at $17@17½ ℘ bbl. 300 tcs Beef sold at a price kept private. Dressed Hogs are worth $8@8,50 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@12c for plain and fancy Hams—the demand is mostly for the latter—and Shoulders at 6½@6¾c. Of Green Meats the receipts and sales are moderate, including Hams in salt at 7½c; do in pickle at 8½@9c; bulk Shoulders 5½c, and Sides at 6c. Lard is unsettled and lower, and about 1000 tcs prime Western sold at 11@11½c; kegs are held at 13c; country is worth 9@10½c. Butter continues scarce, and prime Roll is steady at 25@27c packed is worth 15@20c, as in quality, the demand is less active. Cheese is quiet at 14@15c ℘ ℔, and Eggs rather lower, with sales at 17@18c ℘ dozen.

COTTON—There is little or no demand; prices are very irregular and 5@10c ℘ ℔ lower than last week. A few small lots have been disposed of within the range of 65@75c, cash, for middlings.

ASHES—Both kinds are dull, and prices about the same.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and the market is quiet at $38 for 1st No 1, at which rate some small sales are reported. There are not much arriving. Tanners' Bark is also quiet.

BEESWAX is held at 46@47c ℘ ℔, and the offerings and sales light.

COAL—There is some little inquiry for shipment East, but the market is unsettled and dull. Cargo prices range at from $4,50 to $4,85 ℘ ton, free on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—There is little or no stock in first hands; a few small lots have been disposed of, mostly Rio, at 29@32c, cash and time.

COPPER is quiet and the demand limited. Of Yellow Metal the sales are also limited at 32c ℘ ℔, on time.

FEATHERS are inactive and Western move off slowly at 45@47c ℘ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell as wanted at $3@3½ ℘ bbl. Dried do at 4@6c, and unpared Peaches at 8@11c ℘ ℔ for quarters and halves, with sales of 30,000 lbs of the latter within these rates.

HAY is in steady demand, with further sales of good Timothy at 87@95c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet and the stock nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are unchanged, but the demand is limited at [illegible] for eastern and western.

IRON—There is very little inquiry for Pig metal, the sales are limited to small lots anthracite on the spot at $36@37 for good No 1, and $34@35 for Nos 2 and 3, cash and four months; Scotch Pig is quiet; for manufactured Iron the demand continues active and prices of bars and rails very firm.

LEAD is unsettled and drooping, and 1000 pigs Galena sold at $8,62½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The market is more active. Susquehanna white pine Boards are selling at $21@22, shipping do at $20, and yellow sap do at $20@21, and the demand good. White pine Shingles range at $19@21. Two cargoes eastern Laths sold at $1,55@1,60. Lots from the yards bring $1,90@2 ℘ M.

MOLASSES—There is very little doing; a few sales of Cuba are reported at 41@46c for Clayed and Muscovado; and about 1200 bbls New Orleans, mostly by auction, at 40 to 55c, cash.

PLASTER comes in slowly and commands $3½ ℘ ton.

RICE is very quiet, and the offerings and sales light at 7½@8c ℘ ℔ for East India.

SEEDS are quiet; sales of 600 bus at $5½@6 for common to prime quality. Timothy is nearly nominal at $2 25@2,50 ℘ bus. Flaxseed comes in slowly, and sells at $3,75@4 ℘ bus, as in quality.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held firmly. N E Rum sells slowly at 68@70c. Whiskey has been more active, bbls selling at 48c and Drudge at 47c.

SUGAR—About 300 hhds Cuba sold at 10½@11½c, on time, and 150 hhds New Orleans, mostly by auction, at 10½@11½c, cash.

TALLOW is unsettled and lower. We quote city at 11@11½c, and country at 10½@10¾c ℘ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is very little demand for Leaf or Manufactured; a sale of Seed Leaf was made by auction at 17½@19½c ℘ ℔.

WOOL—Sales of low and medium Fleece are reported at 85@90c net; fine continues neglected and prices irregular.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1309 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 11½ cts ℘ ℔. 75 Cows brought from $22 to 30 ℘ head. 5500 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 11c ℘ ℔ gross. 690 Hogs at from $8,50 to 9,00 ℘ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
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GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. JAMES M. HODGES, to Miss ANNIE ROGERS, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, Mr. FREDERICK BATES, to Miss ELIZABETH BLOCKSOM, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, to Miss MARY ELDERTON.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. MERKEL, of this city, to Miss ANNE M. BOWMAN, of Lancaster county.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. PAUL BRIDGER, of St. John's, Antigua, West Indies, to Miss MARY A. daughter of Robt. C. Middleton.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. NOBLE HILL, to Miss ELIZABETH MARK, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM W. WOOD, to Mrs. MATILDA BARNES, both of this city.

On the 15th of Feb. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JACOB TEAL, Jr. of this city, to Miss ORINDA A. CHAMBERLAIN, of Sandwich, Mass.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, JOHN D. BENNERS, in his 40th year.

Near Winchester, Va on 6th-day, 20th ultimo, RACHEL GRIFFITH, wife of John Griffith, member of Hopewell monthly and Baltimore quarterly meeting of Friends, in her 83d year.

On the 22d ultimo, ELIZA M. wife of James Maguire, aged 42 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. CHRISTIANN TRYON, wife of Geo. W. Tryon, in her 71st year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH WHITE, in her 60th year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. MAHLON LUKENS, in his 72d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY GAMBLE in her 68th year.

On the 23d ultimo, WILLIAM EARLEY, in his 41st year.

On the 22d ultimo, MARY LESTER, in her 89th year.

On the 21st ultimo, HARRIET S. CLARK, wife of John Clark, Jr. in her 29th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES BOYER, in his 77th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 28, 1863.

Alabama	10 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	[illegible] prem.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	½ dis.	New Brunswick,	20 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	½ dis.	New Jersey,	par to ½ dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	½ dis.
Georgia,	30 dis.	New York State,	½ dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	40 dis.
Indiana,	½ to dis.	Nova Scotia,	10 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	dis
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky,	½ dis.	Rhode Island,	½ dis.
Louisiana,	20 dis.	South Carolina,	2 dis.
Maine,	½ dis	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 2 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	½ dis.	Vermont,	½ dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	30 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	3 dis.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 80,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $55,00
Half Case, Paneled, 50,00
Plain Table, 45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

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Photographic Pictures are now taken so neatly, and are so cheap, as to leave no excuse for a neglect to gratify a relation or friend by leaving one's portrait in their hands. But photographs, singly or alone, will soon tarnish, warp, and lose their natural beauty. Hence the necessity of a Photograph album, which is the crowning feature of the whole. It constitutes a "Family Record," for the display and proper preservation of the Card Photographs of the Family, or of friends and others, which for beauty of design and completeness of execution, has never yet been equalled. They are adapted to the pocket of the traveller, or the parlor and centre table of every home, and are so useful as well as so pretty, that wherever one is introduced, more are sure to follow. They are, indeed, becoming a household necessity, as the Album in which a family group are all gathered together in this way, soon assumes inestimable value.

For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTIES;

OR,

TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. BONDS,

PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR,

THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,

AND IS

PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,

OR THE SUB-TREASURY OR DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,

On the first day of May and November of each year.

AT THE PRESENT PREMIUM ON GOLD THESE BONDS YIELD ABOUT

EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the *Five-Twenty* Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
ap4-13t No. 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILADA.

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808 *Chestnut St, Philadelphia, Pa.*

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DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles at 50 cents, cures lameness, cuts, galls, colic, &c. Read the following:

BOSTON, July 7th, 1860.

DR. TOBIAS:—We have used for the past year your Horse Liniment for lameness, kicks, bruises, colic and cuts, and in every instance found it the best article I ever tried in this circus company. Please send six dozen, as it is the only liniment we use now. We have 108 horses, some very valuable, and do not want to leave town without it. HYATT FROST,
Manager Van Amburg & Co.'s Menagerie.

Sold by all druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. mh21-2teow

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.
ap26 tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

Wit and Humor.

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY

A traveller in the state of Illinois, some years ago came to a lone log hut on the prairie, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing-box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception-room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tin-ware and an article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man, in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"We can't tell, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's so gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and, not as I should say it as her mother, but there warn't a pootier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who, although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was surrounded by all the luxury in the county," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink, or wear, now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, and lives in the village, and the deuce only knows how they are to airn a living!"

"PROVIDENTIALLY DIRECTED."

Among the attendants at a late Methodist conference was a very beautiful and intelligent looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the look-out for pretty feminine faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy—

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder, "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that lady for my wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmeet in the work of the ministry."

The elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object.

But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical young lady.

"You had better wait a while. It is not best to be hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder.

And he had said well; for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and, while the worthy confidant still marvelled, a fourth drew near with the question—

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of that unsuspicious girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals of marriage to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could hold in no longer.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone; "the Lord *never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman!*"

THE other evening, as I was sauntering slowly down the main street in our village, I drew near one of our groceries, and perceived a dirty-faced boy and girl, about nine years of age, standing by the store window. Just as I was passing, the boy broke out with—

"Mag, do you love Sam Galey better nor me?"

When out came the young lady's reply—

"Sam Galey to blazes! I don't like you nor Sam Galey."

Just phancy that boy's phelinks.

LIFE OF A WEST POINT CADET.

As graduates of West Point are in great demand in these war times, our readers will doubtless be glad to know how they are made. We derive our information from one who has been there. The cadet sleeps in the barracks, in a room with one other; at half-past 5 in the winter the reveille wakes him; he immediately arises, doubles up his blanket and mattress, places them on the head of his iron bedstead; he studies until 7 o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to the mess-hall. Twenty minutes is the usual time spent at breakfast. Guard-mounting takes place at half-past 7, and twenty-four men are placed on guard every day.

At 8 o'clock the bugle sounds, and recitation commences. At 1 o'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors dismiss their respective stations, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks, and march to dinner. Between 11 and 1 o'clock a part of the cadets are occupied in riding, and others in fencing daily. After dinner they have until 2 o'clock for recreation, and from 2 to 4 o'clock they are employed in recitation. At 4 o'clock the bugle sounds, and they go either to battalion or light artillery drill. This exercise lasts an hour and a half. After that they devote the same time to recreation until parade, which takes place at sunset. After parade, they form into a rank in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the cadets. Supper comes next—and after supper recreation till 8 o'clock, when the bugle sounds to call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room within a few minutes, at his study, and must remain there thus employed until half-past 9, when the bugle sounds—this is called tattoo, and at 10 the drum taps, and every cadet must be immediately in bed, having his light extinguished, and must remain there until morning.

If during the night the cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minutes, and does not give a satisfactory account of himself, charges are preferred against him, and he is court-martialed. The use of intoxicating drink and tobacco is strongly repudiated; so are playing at chess, wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishments to which cadets are liable are deprivation of recreation, etc., extra hours of duty, reprimands, arrests, confinement to his room or tent, confinement in light prison, dismission with the privilege of resigning, and public dismission.

JAPANESE ODDITIES.

One great peculiarity of the people is their mania for squatting; they seem to do everything in this position, and even when a man is ploughing in a field he looks as if he wanted to squat. Their habits in many things seem to be so often exactly the opposite of ours, that it almost resolves itself into a rule that everything goes by contraries. When they cook a goose, instead of putting the goose on the fire, they put the fire in the goose, thus making a great saving of fuel. In planing or sawing a board, they plane or saw toward themselves instead of from themselves. When you go into a house, instead of taking off your hat you take off your shoes. Instead of saying John Smith, they would say Smith John, and instead of Mr. Brown, Brown Mister. The country is rich in flowers and in vegetable productions. They have carried the art of making paper to great perfection. Dr. Macgowan showed an overcoat made of paper perfectly strong and serviceable. In this country we have paper collars, but in Japan they go further, and have paper handkerchiefs, which are very beautiful and soft, and of very fine texture. But they are more delicate than we, in one respect. After they have used a handkerchief they throw it away, and are thus saved the trouble of washerwomen. They even weave their paper, and make what may be called paper cloth of it.

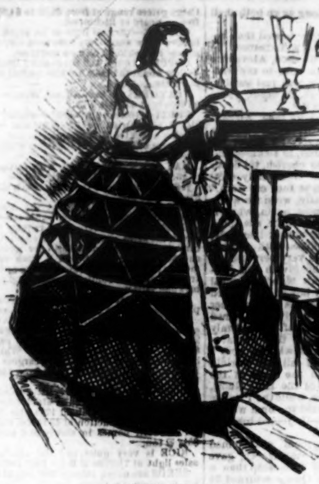
Agricultural.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX.

The most essential condition for the profitable growth of flax, is good drainage, either natural or artificial. It is a waste of labor and money to sow flax seed on land where water stagnates round the roots. The next is, to plough the land deeply, and to pulverize it thoroughly. The roots of the flax will, unless prevented by a hard subsoil, penetrate full half the length of the straw into the ground, and the length and size of the straw, other things being equal, will depend upon the length of the root. Hence, if the farmer fail to fulfill these conditions, he will incur a heavy penalty.

The seed should be of the growth of the preceding year; plump, heavy, glossy; of uniform size and color; of a clear brown hue. If there are many seeds of a light drab, chocolate color, the lot should be rejected.

The manurial substances most likely to be required by the soils of this state to fit them for profitably raising flax will be the Earthy Phosphates. As each ton of straw bears ten bushels of seed, we see from the above table that seventeen pounds of the earthy phosphate will be withdrawn from the soil by each crop.



ADVICE TO LADIES.

As the ladies are so *warmly* attached to their crinolines, it is strongly recommended that, instead of discarding them, they should wear them outside their dresses to serve as a fire-guard.

After all, the great majority of farmers will most easily understand the kind of soil best adapted for flax raising, when they are told that the soils best adapted for barley are the best also for flax; and where maximum crops of the former are found to grow, maximum crops of the latter may be certainly calculated on.

Weeds, which are well known to be injurious to all growing crops, are peculiarly so to flax. No pains therefore should be spared to purify the flax seed from all foreign admixtures, and with a view of burying the seeds which have lodged on the surface of the soil beyond the reach of germination, the ploughing should be done with a Michigan double plough, which more completely inverts the surface than any other. It is also desirable that the sowing should be suspended long enough after ploughing to give the seeds of any weeds which may be in the soil time to germinate; they are then to be killed by the cultivator, when the seed should be evenly sown and harrowed, once in the line of the furrows, and once angling with them, so as to diffuse the seed more equally. The field is then to be rolled smooth.

Many good farmers think it is for their interest to weed the field by hand after the plants are from four to five inches high; this is done almost universally in Belgium. Where weeding is resorted to, care should be taken by the workmen to avoid any rotation of their feet; they should be set down and taken up perpendicularly, and the weeding should be done facing the wind, which will then assist in raising the trodden-down plants. It is necessary that the land should be level, for if thrown between the ridges the straw matures unequally. It should be smooth, so that the crop can be gathered with a reaping machine.

Soon after the bolls are formed, the lower leaves begin to fall off, and the straw becomes yellow from the bottom, about half its length upward, when it should be pulled or cut with a reaping machine, very close to the ground. If it is suffered to stand much longer than this, the straw is materially injured. The seed is then to be separated from the straw by means of a rippling machine. It is very desirable that the seed should be completely separated from the straw, because if any of them are left on, they are crushed in the breaking machine; and where the oil comes in contact with the fibre it is almost impossible to separate it from the shove. It is very desirable that the connection between the farmer and the flax should terminate at this point, as the remaining process can be much more beneficially conducted by others.—*Rural New Yorker.*

POWER OF A HORSE'S SCENT.—A correspondent of the "Homestead" says:—"There is one perception that a horse possesses, that but little attention has been paid to, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is as acute as a dog, and for the benefit of those who have to drive at nights, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles dark nights; and in consideration of this power of scent, this is my simple advice; never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safe. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen, and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours."

☞ There are four banks in Pennsylvania now redeeming their bills in specie.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We last week published in this paper the circular of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and the list of supplies most needed; to which we invite the attention of existing Aid Societies, soliciting them to unite with this Association, under the assurance that their stores will be sent where they are *the most needed;* and distributed with the least possible waste and delay. All applications made to Independent Aid Societies and referred by them to the Sanitary Committee, will be attended to with far greater despatch than any other Association can command; and if the existing Aid Societies co-operate with this Commission, they will enable the latter to meet all the urgent demands made upon them.

After the delivery of an address in behalf of the Sanitary Commission at Rochester recently, an aged man arose, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, thus gave in his testimony,

"After the battle of Fredericksburg, hearing that my boy was wounded, I went on to look after him; but I found the Sanitary Commission had been *looking after him* from the time he fell, and after sixteen other Rochester boys; and I say, God bless every one connected with the Sanitary Commission!"

He sat down in a silence so profound that one could have heard a pin drop.

A well known lady of this city who has returned within the last week from Falmouth, where she has been ministering in the Hospitals, gives the most powerful testimony to the efficiency of the work which the Sanitary Commission are doing. She says, "Hearing of great distress at a Hospital some miles distant, we went there in all haste, but found that the Sanitary Commission had been twelve hours before us." On her way home quite a number of sick soldiers were put under her care. Not knowing the provision made for them at Washington, by the Sanitary Commission, she was at a loss what to do; but all her anxiety was relieved, when upon the boat touching the wharf, she found the Agent of the Commission ready to convey these men to the comfortable beds awaiting them at "The Home," which the Commission have provided.

Is it any wonder that those who know the workings of this humane Association call upon God to bless all connected with it?

The only wonder is that the various societies whose supplies are not distributed under their supervision, do not make the Commission almoner of their bounties; and that societies do not spring up wherever there is a mother who has a boy exposed to the dangers of camp or battle, and pour in an exhaustless supply of stores!

In the towns and villages where no such organization exists, a few simple directions may be necessary for starting them. When once organized, we hope to keep up their enthusiasm by the interesting matter which we propose to publish in these columns, by frequent correspondence, and in other ways. Acknowledgments will be made to all those who forward parcels; and a final report to the Secretary of War will be published, recording the names of all contributors. Circulars, with the names of the officers for 1863, can be procured at 1307 Chestnut street.

DIRECTIONS FOR FORMING SOCIETIES.

Let the first woman whose heart is stirred with a desire to do something in her own town, go to two or three of her neighbors and take counsel.

Let them agree on some convenient day and hour for a meeting of ladies, in the lecture-room of some place of worship, or in the town-house, or school-house.

Let notices of this be written, and carried to the pastors of all the churches in town, with a request that they be read, with comments by the pastor, in each society, at the close of service.

Let the ladies meet—select a President and Secretary, and form themselves into a Soldiers' Relief Circle, to meet once a week from 1 to 4 P. M.—the time to be spent in sewing or knitting for the soldier.

Let them, in addition to the President and Secretary already elected, choose a Treasurer and two committees—one on supplies and work, of three ladies, and one on correspondence, forwarding, and all other business, such as storing, engaging rooms, &c., of the same number.

The duty of the officers should be as follows:

I.—The President—to call and preside at all meetings, and have a general charge of the interests of the Circle.

II.—The Secretary—to enroll the names of the members (each lady simply pledging herself to give three hours per week, either in the meeting or at home, to the service of the soldier)—to keep a record of the meetings—the amount of work done weekly—the number present, and their names—and to make a monthly report, to be read at the first meeting in each month.

III.—The Treasurer—to keep all donations of money, collections in churches, or funds raised by other means, and disburse them at the order of the President, on vote of the Circle, and to make a monthly report of receipts and expenditures.

IV.—The Committee on Supplies—to solicit donations in kind from stores, farmers, and citizens in general, in yarn, wool, cotton cloth, and other articles, to be made up by the industry of the Circle; also, to determine the kind of work to be engaged in by the Circle, and to distribute it properly; to put out work to those willing to receive it at home, but unable to attend, and to see to its collection; to form, with the President's advice, plans of work, and endeavor to get the largest possible stock of goods against the monthly reckoning. This Committee, on the first meeting in each month, shall report a plan of work for that month, and report in full the results of the work of the last month.

V.—The Committee on Correspondence, forwarding, storage—shall have for their duties, first, the custody, care, and storage; then, the packing and forwarding of the goods; and, finally, all the correspondence with the "Women's Penn. Branch," either for instructions, counsel, sympathy, or business. They shall send a monthly letter, and if possible a monthly package, directed to U. S. Sanitary Commission, 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

With these hints, and in view of the pressing need of our army, it is difficult to see how any patriotic village will be without its "Soldier's Aid," and we hope soon to hear from many who have been newly incited to this work, as well as from those whose labors commenced with the war. For further information address

MRS. MOORE,
Cor. Secretary W. P. B.
1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

To the Readers of the Sat. Eve. Post.

The Editors of this paper having promised the Women's Penn. Branch of the U. S. San. Com. the gratuitous use of one or two columns weekly, for the publication of matter calculated to awaken interest in their new enterprise; we in turn ask of you your assistance. This can be given in various ways:—by the formation of societies for sewing and knitting for us; by giving a wider circulation to this paper, and thus spreading the information which we propose to give; by holding Fairs in private houses, and sending the proceeds to us. Will not the children help us in this way?

They must remember that the Soldiers in the Hospitals here, are well taken care off; while the poor privates at Vicksburg lie "bedded in mud," and the sick depend upon the Sanitary Commission for articles of diet, which the convalescent Soldiers here would scarcely relish; so abundantly are they furnished with more tempting food.

The workings of the Sanitary Commission need only to be known, and the supplies will flow in; and we ask the younger members of the families when they have read the stories in THE POST, to give the paper to their parents, and show them the Sanitary Commission column; and every week to remind them to look there and learn what the Commission is doing for "our sick and wounded soldiers."

ED. SAN. COM. DEPARTMENT.

☞ The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of an English paper: A clergyman wishes to exchange his 2 little girls, (aged 9 and 7,) either together or separately, for 2 boys. Address, &c.

☞ A sermon is not finished when the preacher's words are ended: self-application is more to be prized than the eloquence of the preacher.

☞ SOLD.—They say that justice isn't sold in our courts—but those who try to obtain it often are.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 2, 1, 5, 6, is to level.
My 2, 3, 5, 6, is a flower.
My 2, 4, 5, 6, is an artifice.

My whole should be an earnest exhortation to every loyal heart in the nation.

Peru, Indiana. JESSIE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole is sometimes used as a sign, and
often forms part of a fence.
Transpose me, and I am a blemish.
Transpose again, and I am what my whole often
endeavors to make people do.
Behead me now, and I am a plaything.
Reverse me, and I am a useful household article.

Cincinnati, Ohio. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first—in sound—is the pitiful cry
Of a beggar girl to the passer by;
While heeding my first, my second is done,
And my third is thrown to the suffering one.
My whole is one of Dame Nature's graces,
Formed drop by drop in the darkest places.

Harrison, Ohio. HAL B.

PROBLEM OF PURSUIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a semi-circular window, whose base, or diameter of the semi-circle, is 48 inches. In one of the corners, where the base is joined by the half circle, sits a spider; and 30 degrees of the circle in the circumference higher up, sits a fly. The spider starts to catch the fly, and the fly starts at the same moment to run for its life. Thus they both continue to run a fleet race. The fly keeps along on the circumference, in the groove where the glass joins the frame. But the spider keeps *over* the glass, always directly towards the fly. Thus, both the spider and fly keep on, and their respective speed is such that the latter is overtaken by the former in the other corner, where the circumference again joins the base. The length or distance of the spider's path in this pursuit is requested, as also what curve he described in running over the glass. Will any mathematician be willing to return a solution to my address? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How high must a person be placed, perpendicular to a point from which a cannon is fired towards him, in order that the ball and report may both reach him at the same instant. Allowing the ball to receive just sufficient momentum to carry it to him? JAKIE.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same. Ans.—The postman.

☞ What is placed upon the table, often cut, but never eaten? Ans.—A pack of cards.

☞ Why is an orderly schoolmaster like the letter C? Ans.—He makes lasses into classes.

☞ Why is high living like twelve dozen? Ans.—Because it makes one gross.

☞ Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Ans.—Because in losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Capture of Delhi. ENIGMA—American Academy of Music. ENIGMA—Modesty. RIDDLE.—Straw. (Raw, Warts) RIDDLE.—Rail-road.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published Feb. 28.—16 inches.—E. Hagerty, Baltimore; A. Martin, Pa.; Reuben Barto, Pa.

Answer to PROBLEM by Peter Plain, published Feb. 28.—The first horse $80; the second $90, and the third $100,62½.—E. Hagerty, Baltimore; Edward C. Hughes, New York; R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa.; Frank Carroll, Burlington Co., N. J.; Charles T. Pearce, Burlington Co., N. J.; A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Sarah Plum, Adams's Mills; D. S. Harmon, Harlan, Ohio; Thomas W. Purcell, Ohio; Correspondent, Iowa.

Answer to Capt. L. B. Chester's PROBLEM, published Feb. 28.—They will next be together between VI and VII. "The time now," is 27 minutes, 16 4-11 seconds past five o'clock; "the time then," will be 32 minutes, 43 7-11 seconds past 6 o'clock. R. BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

Also answered by Frank Carroll, N. J.; E. Hagerty, Baltimore; W. T. Totten, W. H. E. Martin, and A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Henry Seffman, Jr, Philadelphia; E. T. Benson, Royal Oak, Maryland; Harmon Harlan, Ohio; Thomas W. Purcell, Illinois; Correspondent, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ The trustees of Mr. Peabody's gift to the poor of London have purchased a piece of land in Spitalfields to erect dwellings for the poor thereon.

☞ The difference between a quack and a chemist is thus explained by the N. Y. Express: One is an Analyzer and the other a Charlat-an.